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THE

GRAVE

POEM

BY

ROBERT BLAIR.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

Gray's celebrated ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

The 21st Edition carefully corrected.

The Grave is mine House.—Job xvii. 30.

The House appointed for all living.—Job xxx. 23.

L O N D O N:

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T H E
G R A V E.

WHILE some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some seek the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb*;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These trav'lers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The key of death and hell. The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou art nam'd: Nature appell'd,
Shakes of her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms, and rueful waste!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, 'ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had try'd its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimmering thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
(Furr'd round with mouldy damp, and ropy slime,)

Let's

Let's fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.

Well do I know thee, by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant ! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms :
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embody'd thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fame ! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious, or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were :
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dread !
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud ! the gloomy aisles,
Black plaister'd, and hung round with shreds of scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately fullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks ! ungracious sound !

I'll hear no more—it makes me blood run chill !

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude winds : some rift half down
Their branchless trunks ; others so thin at top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things the neighbours say have happen'd here ;
Wild shrieks have issu'd from the hollow tombs,
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about,
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Of in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine cheq'ring thro' the trees,
The school-boy, with his fatchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below :
Sudden he starts, and hears—or thinks he hears—
The sound of something purring at his heels :
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale

Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new open'd Grave—and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spy'd—
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now-untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly Grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
Shes see him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one;
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band!
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life, and folder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,

And

And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. Oh ! when my friend and I,
In some thick wood, have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along,
In graceful murmurs thro' the under-wood,
Sweet murmuring ! methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
Mended his song of love ; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note ;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter ; and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst ev'ry flow'r
Vy'd with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh ! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste : still the full heart
Had not imparted half : 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance ;

Dull Grave ! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face ;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now ? the men of health,
Complexionally pleasant ? where the droll
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke

To clapping theatres, and gaping crowds,
And made e'en thick-lip'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! fullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunder bolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the *tiara* at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
And cry'd forsooth because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work!
Alas! how slim, dishonorably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd are thy looks!
How blank thy features! and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning wither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon its back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,

But

But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.

ARABIA'S gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form ev'n to a very scruple—
O cruel irony!—these come too late,

And only mock whom they were meant to honor.
Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's bury'd
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he!

Sorry pre-eminence of high decent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state!
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow, and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, who painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.

How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd,
And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldy show; while from the casements
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase

That's fall'n into disgrace, and to the sense
 Smells horrible? Ye undertakers, tell us,
 Midst all the gorgeous figures ye exhibit,
 Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
 Ye make such mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
 What would offend the eye in a good picture
 The painter calls discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage! now how little thou appear'st
 Below the envy of the private man!
 Honor, that meddling officious ill,
 Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor stops there short—
 Strange persecution! when the Grave itself
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the Grave,
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
 The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame
 Die fast away;—only themselves die faster.
 The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurell'd bard,
 Those bold insurers of deathless fame,
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
 The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
 And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
 Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
 The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
 Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,

Shat-

Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
 The mystic cone, with hieroglyphics crusted
 Give way. O lamentable sight; at once
 The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
 A hideous and mishapen length of ruins.
 Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
 With all-subduing time: his cank'ring hand
 With calm delib'rate malice wastes them all:
 Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
 The busto noulders, and the deep-cut marble,
 Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge:
 Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
 Hangs down her head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
 Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
 Th' oppressive sturdy, man-destroying villains,
 Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
 And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
 The rest to want—now, like a storm that's spent,
 Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
 Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
 That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
 Implacable. Here, the petty tyrant
 Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
 And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey—

Deaf

Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
 And piteous plaintive voice of misery—
 (As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
 Of the same common feelings with his lord)
 Now, tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd
 Shakes hands with the dust, & calls the worm his kinsman;
 Nor pleads his rank and birth-right. Under ground
 Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self esteem, or other's adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we are something
 Above the common level of our kind,
 The Grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd flatt'ry,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit!
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
 The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage
 Methinks I see thee with thy head laid low;
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscar'd. For *this* was all thy caution

For *this*, thy painful labours at the glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair ?
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder !
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look, how the fair one weeps ! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs,
Honest effusion ! the swol'n heart in vain
Labours to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too ! thou furly and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring ;
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling,
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard ? Deep groan indeed !
With anguish heavy laden ;—let me trace it ;
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm o'erpower'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick ! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play ! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-form'd shoulders ?
See ! how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain ! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning—Hideous sight !

Oh,

Oh, how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly !
 Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom,
 Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan ?
 It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
 Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
 Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
 To vaunt of nerves like thine ? What means the bull,
 Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
 And flee before a feeble thing like man ;
 That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
 Trusts, only in the well-invented knife ?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
 The star-surveying sage close to his eye
 Applies the sight invigorating tube ;
 And, trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space,
 Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
 That roll with regular confusion there,
 In extasy of thought.—But, ah ! proud man !
 Great heights are hazardous to the weak head :
 Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails,
 And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place
 Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,
 Disarm'd, dishonor'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,

And

And cannot tell his ail to passers by.
 Great man of language, whence this mighty change,
 This dumb despair, and drooping of the head ?
 Tho' strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
 And sly insinuation's softer arts
 In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue,
 Alas ! how chop-fall'n now ! thick mists and silence
 Rest like a weary cloud upon thy breast
 Unceasing. Ah ! where now's the lifted arm,
 The strength of action, and the flow of words,
 The well turn'd period, and harmonious voice,
 With all the lesser ornaments of phrase ?
 Ah ! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been !
 Raz'd from the book of fame ! or, what is worse,
 Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
 Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
 With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
 That drawl with heavy-halting pace along,
 Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
 And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
 These mighty mock-defrauders of the tomb,
 Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
 Resign to fate. Proud *ÆSULAPIUS*' son,
 Where are the boasted implements of art,
 And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health ?

C

Nor

or

[Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
 Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
 Escap'd thy rifling hand : from stubborn shrubs
 Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
 And vex'd them in the fire ; nor fly, nor insect,
 Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
 But why this apparatus ? why this cost ?
 Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the Grave,
 Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
 With the long list of vouchers for thy cures ?
 Alas ! thou speakest not. The bold impostor
 Looks not more silly when his cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser—worst of felons,
 Who meanly stole (discreditable shift !)
 From back and belly too their proper cheer,
 Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
 To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
 By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
 Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
 But ah ! where are his rents, his comings in ?
 Now thou hast made the rich man poor indeed !
 Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind ?
 O cursed lust of gold ! how oft for thee
 The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
 First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come !

O dear

O death ! how shocking must thy summons be
To him who is at ease in his possessions ;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for the world to come !
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement.
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving—now no longer hers !
A little longer,—yet a little space !
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage !—Mournful sight !
Her very eyes weep blood ; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror : But the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close thro' ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track ; but presses on,
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks in everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing my soul, to die !
What strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulph in view !
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repa's'd,
To tell what's doing on the further side.
Nature turns back, and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting ;

For part they *must* : body and soul must part :
 Fond couple, link'd more close than wedded pair !
This wings its way to its almighty source,
 The witness of its actions, now its judge ;
That drops into the dark and noisome Grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death,—
 If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing
 Whence first they sprung,—then might the debauchee
 Untrembling mouth the heav'ns : then might the drunkard
 Reel over his full bowl, and when its drain'd
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
 At the poor bug-bear death : then might the wretch
 That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
 At once give each inquietude the slip,
 By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
 And by what way,—whether by hemp or steel :
 Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
 The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
 Or blame him if he goes ? Sure he does well
 That helps himself as timely as he can,
 When in his pow'r. *But if* there's an hereafter,
 And that there *is*, conscience uninfluenc'd,
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man ;
 Then must it be an awful thing—to die :

More

More horrid yet, to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder ! name it not—our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act ?
Forbid it, heaven ! let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of his own lord. Dreadful attempt !
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge !
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserved for such : these herd together ;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd ;
How long, how short we know not : this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission :
Like centries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're relieved.
Those only are the brave, who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick : to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves

By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown.
 And plunging headlong in the dark ;—'tis mad :
 No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead ! will none of you, in pity
 To those you left behind, disclose the secret ?
 O that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
 What 'tis ye are, and what we must shortly be !
 I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
 Forewarn'd men of their death :—'twas kindly done
 To knock and give the alarm. But what means
 This stinted charity ? 'tis but lame kindness
 That does its work by halves. Why might you not
 Tell us what 'tis to die ? Do the strict laws
 Of your society forbid your speaking
 Upon a point so nice ?—I'll ask no more :
 Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, ye shine,
 Enlight'ning but yourselves.—Well—'tis no matter ;
 A very little time will clear up all,
 And makes us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick. Here falls the village swain,
 And there his pamper'd lord. The cup goes round ;
 And who so artful as to put it by ?
 'Tis long since death had the majority ;
 Yet strange ! the living lay it not to heart.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,

The

The Sexton ! hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear ; with mattock in his hand
He digs thro' rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors ; scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knows its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years,
And yet no youngster on the green laughs louder,
Or tells a smuttier tale. When drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, nor lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch ! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days,
Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we are,
Never to think of death, and of ourselves
At the same time ! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. Oh ! more than sottish !
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive ;—when, for aught we know,

The

The very first sworn surger shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a relentless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a special burial-field, unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet:
The shiv'ring Iclander, and sun-burnt Moor,
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds—the Christian, Turk, and Jew.
Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts:
Now vain their treaty-skill;—death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating some unheard-of mischief,

Mock

Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,)
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robb'd prelate, and plain Presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant—here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch :
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters ;
The barren wife ; and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, the gay coquette,
And sober widow ;—and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose, before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here !
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,

Whose

Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
 Hears not the voice of mirth : the shrill-tongu'd shrew
 Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
 Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave,
 The just, the good, the worthless, and profane ;
 The downright clown, the well-bred gentleman,
 'The fool, the churl, the liar, and the knave,
 'The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
 The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
 With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man ! how happy once in thy first state !
 When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
 He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleas'd
 Smil'd on his last fair work. Then all was well ;—
 Sound was the body, and the soul serene ;
 Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
 That play their several parts. Nor head nor heart
 Offer'd to ache : nor was there cause they should ;
 For all was pure within : no fell remorse,
 Nor anxious castings up of what *might be*,
 Alarm'd his peaceful bosom : summer seas
 Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds
 Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
 The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand
 Offer'd the various produce of the year,
 And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.

Blessed

hrew
Blessed, thrice blessed days ! but, ah ! how short !
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men ;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh, slipp'ry state of things ! what sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history ? to-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject !
How scant the space between these vast extremes !
Thus far'd it with our fire : nor long he enjoy'd
His paradise. Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up ; when strait he *must* be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And *must* he go ?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Oferring man ? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth ; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory, and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder ! Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures ;

Evil

Evil he needs wou'd try : not try'd in vain.
(Dreadful experiment ! destructive measure !
Where the worst thing could happen was success)
Alas ! too well he sped : the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost
Not to return ! or, if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short, and far between :
Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone ;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend ;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage ! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds at ev'ry pore,

What havock hast thou made, foul monster, sin !
Greatest and first of ills ! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions ! But for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things,
Of vilest nature, other sorts of ills,
Are kind y circumscribe'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and glebes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,

Mars

Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But *that* too has a shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world:
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind; and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! oh, where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? Pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of the most deadly kind,
Compared to thee, are harmless. Sickneses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine. See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold—I've gone too far; too much disclos'd

D

My it

My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
 Here let me pause, and drop an honest tear,
 One burst of filial duty and condolence,
 O'er all the ample desarts death hath spread!
 This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
 Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not fated yet!
 Unheard-of epicure! without a fellow!
 The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought
 To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
 And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than *this*, might gorge thee to the full:
 But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
 Like one whole days defrauded of his meals,
 On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings,
 (As if diseases, massacres, and poison,
 Famine and war, were not thy caterers!)

But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
 And with high int'rest too! they are not thine,
 But only in thy keeping for a season,
 'Till the great promis'd day of restitution!
 When loud diffusive sounds from brazen trump
 Of strong-lung'd cherubs shall alarm thy captives,
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life.

There

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that long lay forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire
And inquisition of the forge. We know
Th' illustrious deliv'rer of mankind,
The Son of God, once vanquish'd thee. His pow'r
Thou could'st not stand: self-vigorous he rose,
And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall;)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
Climb the ariel heights, and glide along
A cross the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Thrown backwards in the chace, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where HE is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between;—a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!

But

But not untrod, nor tedious : the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
'To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships, in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun ? Fools that we are !
We wish to be where sweets unfading bloom ;
But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen upon a summer's eve,
Close by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play :
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide,
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd :
At last, he dips his foot ; but, as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From the inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome death !
That after many a painful bleeding step
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change !
Our bane turn'd to a blessing ! Death disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite. All thanks to HIM
Who scourg'd the venom out. Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit !
The night-dews fall not gentlier to the ground
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning-tide of life,—
A life well spent, whose early care it was

His

His riper years should not upbraid his youth :
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away ;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting !
High in his faith and hopes, look how he strives
To gain the prize in view ! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away !
Whilst the glad gates of fight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then ; oh then !
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. Oh ! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
'Tis done :—and now he's happy :—the glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain : the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolate : and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account : not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale ;
Each soul shall have a body ready finish'd,
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane
Ask not, how this can be ? Sure the same Pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,

And

And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more ; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of day, and what he *can*, he *will* :
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake ;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner ; but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting !
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus, at the shut of eve, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cov'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

By Mr. Gray.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive the teams a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeure hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to These the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er the tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes

Their

Their lot forbade—nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbid to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muses' flame.

Far from madding croud's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
Their place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness, a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd:
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonor'd Dead,
Dost in these lines, their artless tales relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate :

Haply some hoary headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
“ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
“ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
“ That wreaths its whole fantastick roots so high,
“ His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
“ And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
“ Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove
“ Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
“ Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
“ Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree,
“ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
“ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“ The

" The next with dirges due, in sad array,
 " Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne
 " Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

An E P I T A P H.

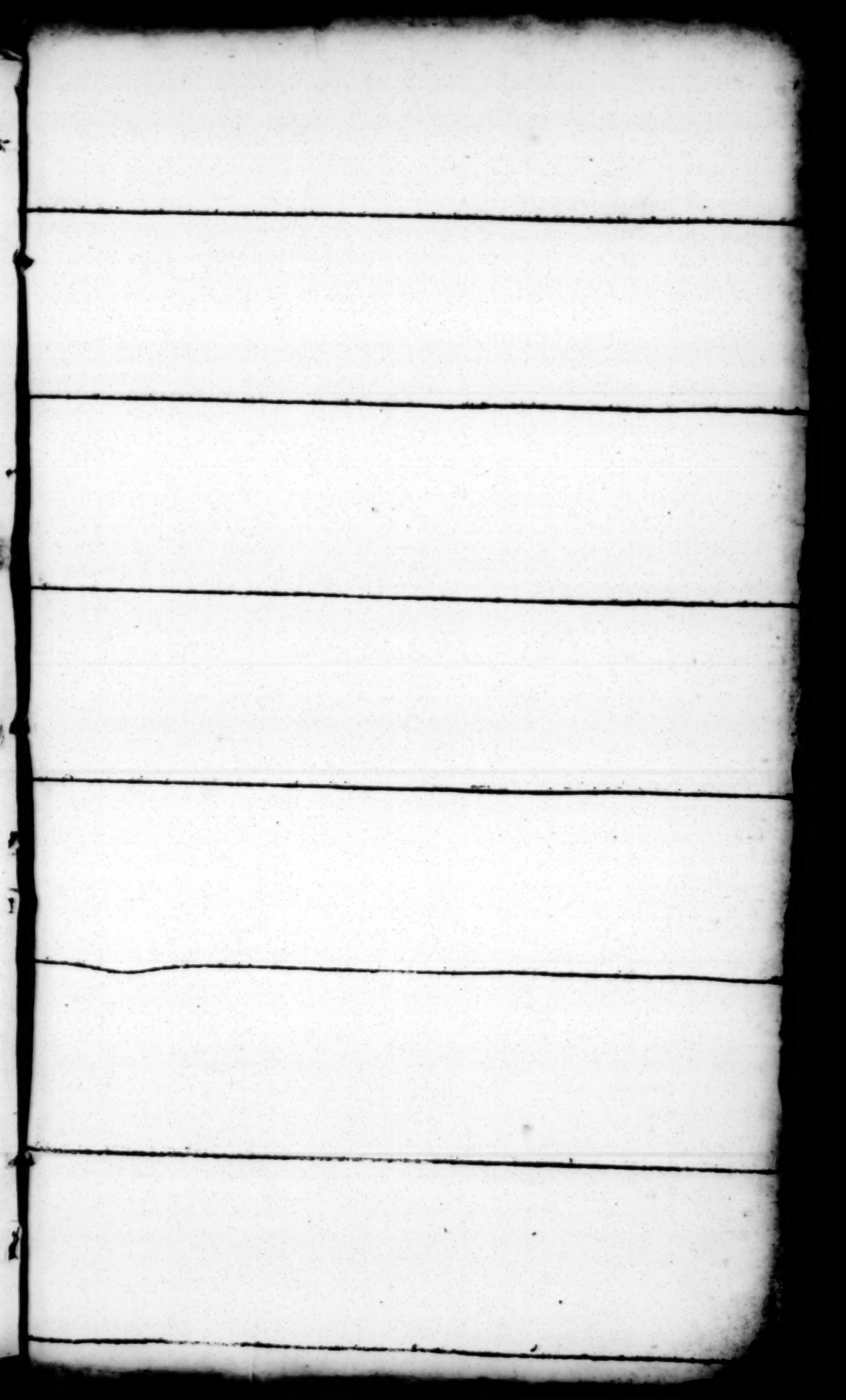
HERE rests his head upon a lap of Earth;
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

FINIS.





INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

A YOUNG LADY,

IN

Every SPHERE and PERIOD of LIFE.

CONTAINING,

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. A MOTHER'S ADVICE
to her DAUGHTERS. | IV. A LETTER ON TEM-
PER. |
| II. Two LETTERS to a
Lady upon the subject
of RELIGION, by a
Clergyman. | V. ON OECONOMY. |
| III. A LETTER to a
Young Lady on her
MARRIAGE. | VI. ON POLITENESS. |
| | VII. AN EPISTLE upon
the CULTIVATION of
TASTE. |
| | VIII. FABLES for the
FEMALE SEX. |

COMPILED BY A LADY.

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M.DCC.LXXVII.



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A N
Unfortunate MOTHER's ADVICE
T O
Her absent DAUGHTERS.

In a LETTER to Miss PENNINGTON.

MY DEAR JENNY,

WAS there any probability that a letter from me would be permitted to reach your hand alone, I should not have chosen this least eligible method of writing to you. The public is no way concerned in family-affairs, nor ought to be made a party in them; but my circumstances are such as lay me under a necessity of either communicating my sentiments to the world, or concealing them from you. The latter would, I think, be the breach of an indispensable duty; which obliges me to wave the impropriety of the former.

A LONG train of events, of a most extraordinary nature, conspired to remove you very early from the tender care of an affectionate mother: you were then too young

A

to

to be able to form any right judgment of her conduct; and since that time, it is very probable that it has been represented to you in the most unfavourable light. The general prejudice against me I never gave myself the useless trouble of any endeavour to remove.-----I do not mean to infer from hence, that the opinion of others is of no material consequence: on the contrary, I would advise you always to remember, that, next to the consciousness of acting right, the public voice should be regarded; and to endeavour, by a prudent behaviour, (even in the most trifling instances), to secure it in your favour. It was my misfortune to be educated in a different opinion: I was early and wisely taught, that virtue was the one thing necessary; and without it no happiness could be expected either in this, or in any future state of existence. But with this good principle, a mistaken one was at the same time inculcated; namely, That the self-approbation arising from conscious virtue was alone sufficient, and the censures of an ill-natured world, ever ready to calumniate, when not founded on truth, were beneath the concern of a person whose actions were guided by the superior motive of obedience to the will of Heaven. This notion, strongly imbibed before reason had
gained

gained sufficient strength to discover its fallacy, was the cause of an inconsiderate conduct in my subsequent life, which stamped my character with a disadvantageous impression. To you I speak with the utmost sincerity, nor will conceal a fault that you may profit by the knowledge of; and, therefore, freely own, that in my younger years, satisfied with keeping strictly within the bounds of virtue, I took a foolish pleasure in exceeding those of prudence, and was ridiculously vain of indulging a latitude of behaviour that others of my age were afraid of lanching into. But then, in justice to myself, I must at the same time declare, that this freedom was only taken in public company: and so extremely cautious was I of giving what to me appeared any just ground for censure, that I call Heaven to witness, your pappas was the first man I ever made any private assignation with, or met in a room alone; nor with him, till after the most solemn mutual engagement, that of the matrimonial ceremony, had bound us to each other. My behaviour then was such, as, he has frequently since acknowledged, fully convinced him that I was not only innocent of any criminal act, but of every vicious thought; and that the outward freedom of my deportment proceeded merely

from great gaiety of temper, and a very high flow of spirits; never broke (if the expression may be allowed) into the formal rules of decorum. To sum up the whole in a few words, my private conduct was what the severest prude could not condemn; my public, such as the most finished coquette alone would have ventured upon: the latter only could be known to the world; and consequently from thence must their opinion be taken, which, you will easily see, could not be favourable to me, but, on the contrary, give a general prejudice, that has since been made an argument to gain credit for the malicious falsehoods laid to my charge. For this reason (convinced by a long experience that the greater part of mankind are so apt to receive, and so willing to retain, a bad impression of others, that when such prepossessions are once established, there is hardly a possibility thro' life of removing them) I have for some years past silently acquiesced in the dispensations of Providence, without attempting any justification of myself; and being conscious that the infamous aspersions cast on my character were not founded on truth, have sat down content with the certainty of an open and perfect acquittal of all vicious dispositions or criminal conduct at that
great

great day when all things shall appear as they really are, and both our actions, and the most secret motives of them, be made manifest to men and angels. Had your pappa been amongst the number of those who were deceived by appearances, I should have thought it my duty to leave no method unessayed to clear myself in his opinion;--- but that was not the case. He knows that many of those appearances urged against me were given, not only under his direction, but by his absolute command, (which, contrary to reason, and my own interest, I was, for more than twelve years, weak enough implicitly to obey); and that others, even since our separation, were occasioned by some particular instances of his behaviour, which rendered it impossible for me to act with safety in any other manner. To him I appeal for the truth of this assertion, who is conscious of the meaning, that may hereafter be explained to you. Perfectly acquainted with my principles and natural disposition, his heart, I am convinced, never here condemned me. Being greatly incensed that my father's will gave to me an independent fortune, which will he imagined I was necessary to, or at least could have prevented; he was thereby laid open to the arts of designing men, who, having their

own interest solely in view, worked him up into a desire of revenge, and from thence (upon probable circumstances) into a public accusation; though that was supported only by the single testimony of a person, whose known falsehood had made him a thousand times declare, that he would not credit her oath in the most trifling incident; yet when he was disappointed of the additional evidence he might have been flattered with the hope of obtaining,-----it was too late to recede.----This I sincerely believe to be the truth of the case, though I too well know his *tenacious* temper to expect a present justification; but whenever he arrives on the verge of eternity, if reason holds her place to that awful moment, and religion has any power on his heart, I make no doubt he will then acquit me to his children, and with truth confess that no part of my behaviour to him ever deserved the treatment I have met with.---Sorry am I to be under the necessity of pointing out faults in the conduct of another, which are perhaps long since repented of, and ought then to be as much forgot as they are most truly forgiven. Heaven knows, that so far from retaining any degree of resentment in my heart, the person breathes not whom I wish to hurt, or to whom I would not this moment render

der every service in my power. The injuries by me sustained, had I no children, should contentedly be buried in silence till the great day of retribution; but the false impressions which, by such silence, might be fixed on your mind, and those of your brothers and sisters, whom I include with you, it is incumbent on me, in justice to you, to them, and to myself, as far as possible, to efface. To this end, it will be necessary to enter into a circumstantial history of near fifteen years, full of incidents of a nature so uncommon as to be scarcely credible; which I am convinced will effectually clear me, in your opinions, of the imputations I now lie under, and prove almost to a demonstration, the true cause of those proceedings against me that were couched under pretended motives, as injurious to my reputation as they were false in themselves. But this must be deferred some time longer; you are all yet too young to enter into things of this kind, or to judge properly of them. When a few years shall, by ripening your understandings, remove this objection, you shall be informed of the whole truth without disguise or partiality.----Till then, suspend your belief of all that may have reached your ears with regard to me, and wait the knowledge of those facts my
future

future letter will reveal for your information.

THUS much I thought it necessary to premise concerning myself, though foreign to the design of this epistle; which is only to remind you, that you have still an affectionate mother, anxious for your welfare, to give you some advice with regard to your conduct in life,---and to lay down a few precepts that, if attended to, will in the best manner in my power supply the deprivation of a constant, tender, maternal care. The address is to you in particular, your sisters being yet too young to receive it, but my intention for the equal service of you all.

You are just entering, my dear girl, into a world full of deceit and falsehood, where few persons or things appear as they really are: vice hides her deformity with the borrowed garb of virtue; and though discernible by the unbecoming awkwardness of her deportment under it, passes on thousands undetected; every present pleasure usurps the name of happiness, and as such deceives the unwary pursuer; thus one general mask disguises the whole, and it requires a long experience, and a penetrating judgment, to discover the truth.---Thrice happy those whose docile tempers
im-

improve the instructions of maturer age, and thereby attain some degree of this necessary knowledge, while it may be chiefly useful in directing their conduct.

THE turn your mind now takes, fixes the happiness or misery of your whole future life; and I am too nearly concerned for your welfare, not to be most solicitously anxious, that you may early be led into so just a way of thinking as will be productive of a prudent rational behaviour, and secure to yourself a lasting felicity. You was old enough, before our separation, to convince me that heaven had not denied you a good natural understanding, which, properly cultivated, will set you above that trifling disposition too common among the female world, that makes youth ridiculous, maturity insignificant, and old age contemptible. It is therefore needless to enlarge on that head, since good sense is there the best adviser, and without it all admonitions or directions on the subject would be as fruitless as to lay down rules for an idiot not to act foolishly.

There is no room to doubt but that sufficient care will be taken to give you a polite education; but a religious one is of still greater consequence. Necessary as the former is toward your making a proper figure

gure in the world, and being well accepted in it; the latter is yet more so, as that only can secure to you the approbation of the greatest and best of beings, on whose favour depends your everlasting happiness. Let, therefore, your duty to God be ever the first and principal object of your care. As your creator and governor, he claims adoration and obedience; as your father and friend, submissive duty and affection. Remember, that from this common Parent of the universe you received your life: that to his general providence you owe the continuance of it; and to his bounty, all the health, ease, advantages, or enjoyments, which help to make that life agreeable. A sense of benefits received naturally inspires a grateful disposition with a desire of making some suitable returns. All that can here be made for innumerable favours every moment bestowed, is a thankful acknowledgment, and a willing obedience; in these be never wanting. Make it an inviolable rule, to begin and end the day with a solemn address to the Deity. I mean not by this, what is commonly with too much propriety called saying of prayers, *viz.* a customary repetition of a few good words without either devotion or attention, than which nothing is more inexcusable and affrontive;

frontive ; it is the homage of the heart that can alone be accepted. Expressions of our absolute dependence and entire resignation, thanksgiving for the mercies already received, petitions for those blessings it is fit for us to pray for, and intercessions for all our fellow-creatures, compose the principal parts of this duty ; which may be comprised in very few words, or more enlarged upon as the circumstances of time and disposition may render most suitable ; for it is not the length, but the sincerity and attention, of our prayers, that will make them efficacious. A good heart joined to a tolerable understanding, will seldom be at a loss for proper words with which to clothe these sentiments ; and all persons being best acquainted with their own particular circumstances, may reasonably be supposed best qualified for adapting their petitions and acknowledgments to them : but for those who are of a different opinion, there are many excellent forms of prayer already composed : among these none that I know of, are equal to Dr Hoadley's, (the present Bishop of Winchester), which I recommend to your perusal and use ; in the preface to which you will find better instructions on this head than I am capable of giving, and to those I refer you. It is
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acknowledged, that our petitions cannot in any degree alter the intentions of a Being who is in himself invariable, and without a possibility of change; all that can be expected from them is, that by bettering ourselves they will render us more proper objects of his favourable regard: and this must necessarily be the result of a serious, regular, and constant discharge of this branch of our duty; for it is scarcely possible to offer up our sincere and fervent devotions to heaven, every morning and evening, without leaving on our minds such useful impressions as will naturally dispose us to a ready and cheerful obedience, and inspire a filial fear of offending,---the best security virtue can have.---Therefore, as you value your own happiness, let not the force of bad examples ever lead you into an habitual disuse of secret prayer; or an unpardonable negligence so far prevail, as to rest satisfied with a formal, customary, inattentive repetition of some well-chosen words: let your heart and attention always go with your lips: and experience will soon convince you, that this permission of addressing the Supreme Being is the most valuable prerogative of human nature; the chief, nay, the only support, under all the distresses and calamities this state of sin and misery

misery is liable to; the highest rational satisfaction the mind is capable of on this side the grave, and the best preparative for everlasting happiness beyond it. This is a duty ever in your own power, and therefore you only will be culpable by the omission. Public worship may not always be so: but whenever it is, do not wilfully neglect the service of the church, at least on Sundays; and let your behaviour there be adapted to the solemnity of the place, and the intention of the meeting. Regard neither the actions nor dress of others; let not your eyes rove in search of acquaintance; but in the time of divine service, avoid, as much as possible, all complimentary civilities, of which there are too great an intercourse in most of our churches. Remember that your only business there, is to pay a solemn act of devotion to Almighty God, and let every part of your conduct be suitable to this great end. If you hear a good sermon, treasure it in your memory, that you may reap all the benefit it was capable of imparting; if but an indifferent one,---there must be some good things in it, retain those, and let the remainder be buried in oblivion. Ridicule not the preacher, who no doubt has done his best, and is rather the object of pity, than contempt, for having been

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placed in a situation of life which his talents were not equal to, and may perhaps be a good man, though no great orator. I would also recommend to you the early and frequent participation of the communion, (or, what is commonly called receiving the sacrament), as the indispensable duty of every Christian. There is no institution of our religion, more simple, plain, and intelligible, than this is, as delivered to us by our Saviour; and most of the elaborate treatises wrote since his time, on the subject, have served only to puzzle and disturb weak minds, by throwing the dark veil of superstition and human invention over a plain, positive command, given by him in so explicit a manner as to be easily comprehended by the meanest capacity; and which it is doubtless in the power of all his sincere followers to pay an acceptable obedience to. Nothing has more contributed to the neglect of this duty than the numerous well-meaning books that have been wrote to injoin a month's, or a week's preparation, as previously necessary to the due performance of it; by this means filling the minds of many with needless terror, putting it even out of the power of some to receive it at all, and inducing great numbers to rest satisfied with doing it only once or twice in

a year, on some high festival; whereas it was certainly the constant custom of the apostles and primitive Christians, on every Sunday; and ought to be received by us as often as it is administered in the church we frequent, (which in most places is but once in a month). Nor do I think it excusable, at any time, to turn our backs upon the table we see prepared for that purpose, on pretence of not being fit to partake worthily of it. The best, the only true preparation for this, and every other part of religious duty, is a good and virtuous life, by which the mind is constantly kept in such a devotional frame, as to require but a little recollection to be suited to any particular act of worship or obedience that may occasionally happen; and without that, there cannot be a greater or more fatal mistake, than to suppose, that a few days or weeks spent in humiliation and prayer will render us at all the more acceptable to the Deity, or the better fitted for any one instance of that duty which must be universally paid, to be either approved by him, or advantageous to ourselves. I would not, therefore, advise you to read any of those weekly preparatives which are too apt to lead the mind into error, by teaching it to rest in a mere shadow of piety, wherein there

is nothing rationally satisfactory. The best book I have ever met with on the subject is the bishop of Winchester's plain account of the nature and end of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, (to which the prayers before-mentioned are annexed.) This is well worth your careful perusal; the design of the institution is there fully explained, agreeable both to scripture and reason, stripped of all that veil of mystery which has been industriously thrown over it by designing or mistaken men, and laid as plainly open to every capacity as it was at first left us by our great Master. Read this book with due attention; you will there find every necessary instruction concerning the rite, and every reasonable inducement to the constant and conscientious performance of it.

THE sincere practice of these religious duties naturally leads to the proper discharge of the social ones, which may be all comprehended in that one great general rule, of doing unto others as you would they should do unto you :---but of these more particularly hereafter. I shall first give you my advice concerning employment, it being of great moment to set out in life in such a method as may be useful to yourself and beneficial to others. Time is invaluable, its loss irretrievable! The remem-

membrance of having made an ill use of it, must be one of the sharpest tortures to those who are on the brink of eternity! and what can yield a more unpleasing retrospect, than whole years idled away in an irrational insignificant manner! examples of which are continually before our eyes. Look on every day as a blank sheet of paper put into your hands to be filled up; remember the characters will remain to endless ages, and can never be expunged; be careful, therefore, not to write any thing but what you may read with pleasure a thousand years hence. I would not be understood in a sense so strict as might debar you from any innocent amusement suitable to your age, and agreeable to your inclination. Diversions, properly regulated, are not only allowable, they are absolutely necessary to youth, and are never criminal but when taken to excess; that is, when they ingross the whole thought, are made the chief business of life, give a distaste to every valuable employment, and by a sort of infatuation leave the mind in a state of restless impatience from the conclusion of one till the commencement of another. This is the unfortunate disposition of many: guard most carefully against it; for nothing can be attended with more pernicious consequences. A little ob-

servation will convince you, that there is not, amongst the human species, a set of more miserable beings than those who cannot live out of a constant succession of diversions: these people have no comprehension of the more satisfactory pleasures to be found in retirement. Thought is insupportable to them, and consequently solitude must be intolerable; they are a burden to themselves, and a pest to their acquaintance by vainly seeking for happiness in company where they are seldom acceptable. I say, vainly; for true happiness exists only in the mind, nothing foreign can give it. The utmost to be attained by what is called a gay life, is a short forgetfulness of misery to be felt with accumulated anguish in every interval of reflection. This restless temper is frequently the product of a too eager pursuit of pleasure in the early part of life, to the neglect of those valuable improvements which would lay the foundation of a more solid and permanent felicity. Youth is the season for diversions; but it is also the season for acquiring knowledge, for fixing useful habits, and laying in a stock of such well-chosen materials, as may grow into a serene happiness, that will increase with every added year of life, and bloom in the fullest perfection at the decline of it.

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The great art of education consists in assigning to each its proper place, in such a manner that the one shall never become irksome by intrenching on the other. Our separation having taken from me the pleasing task of endeavouring, to the best of my ability, to suit them occasionally, as might be most conducive both to your profit and pleasure, it only remains to give you general rules, which accidents may make it necessary sometimes to vary.---That must be left to your own discretion; and I am convinced you have a sufficient share of understanding, to be very capable of making such casual regulations advantageously to yourself, if the inclination is not wanting.

It is an excellent method to appropriate the morning wholly to improvement; the afternoon may then be allowed to diversions. Under the last head I place company, books of the humourous kind, and entertaining productions of the needle, as well as plays, balls, cards, &c. which more commonly go by that name. From dinner till supper may be variously by these employed, with innocence and propriety; but let none of them ever be suffered to intrude on the former part of the day, which should be always devoted to more useful employments. One half hour either
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before, or immediately after breakfast, I would have you constantly give to the attentive perusal of some rationally pious author, or some part of the New Testament; which last, and indeed the whole scripture, you ought to make yourself perfectly acquainted with, as the basis on which your religion is founded. This practice you will reap more real benefit from, than can be supposed by those who have never made the experiment. The other hours may be divided amongst those necessary and polite acquisitions which are suitable to your sex, age, and rank in life. Study your own language thoroughly, that you may speak correctly, and write grammatically. Do not content yourself with the common use of words, which custom has taught you from the cradle; but learn from whence they are derived, and what are their proper significations. French you ought to be as well acquainted with as English; and Italian might without much difficulty be added. Acquire a good knowledge of history; that of your own country first, then of the other European nations. Read them, not with a view to amuse, but to improve your mind; and to that end make reflections on what you have read, which may be useful to yourself, and render your conversation agreeable to others.

Learn

Learn so much of geography, as to form a just idea of those places you read of; this will make history more entertaining to you. It is necessary for you to be perfect in the first four rules of arithmetic; more you can never have occasion for, and the mind should not be burdened with needless application. Music and drawing are accomplishments well worth the trouble of attaining, if your inclination and genius lead to either: if not, do not attempt them; for it will be only much time and great labour unprofitably thrown away; it being next to impossible to arrive at any degree of perfection in those arts, by the dint of perseverance only, if a good ear and native genius are wanting. The study of natural philosophy you will find both pleasing and instructive; pleasing from the continual new discoveries to be made of the innumerable various beauties of nature, (a most agreeable gratification of that desire of knowledge wisely implanted in the human mind); and instructive, as those discoveries lead to the contemplation of the great Author of nature, whose wisdom and goodness so conspicuously shine through all his works, that it is impossible to reflect seriously on them, without admiration and gratitude.

THESE,

THESE, my dear, are but a few of those mental improvements I would recommend to you. Indeed there is no branch of knowledge that your capacity is equal to, and you have an opportunity of acquiring, which I think ought to be neglected. It has been objected against all female learning, beyond that of household œconomy, that it tends only to fill the minds of the sex with a conceited vanity, which sets them above their proper business, occasions an indifference to, if not a total neglect of their family affairs, and serves only to render them useless wives, and impertinent companions. It must be confessed, that some reading ladies have given but too much cause for this objection ; and could it be proved to hold good throughout the sex, it would certainly be right to confine their improvements within the narrow limits of the nursery, the kitchen, and the confectionary : but I believe it will, upon examination, be found, that such ill consequences proceed chiefly from too great an imbecillity of mind to be capable of much enlargement, or from a mere affectation of knowledge void of all reality. Vanity is never the result of understanding. A sensible woman will soon be convinced, that all the learning her utmost application can
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make her mistress of, will be, from the difference of education, in many points inferior to that of a school-boy. This reflection will keep her always humble, and be an effectual check to that loquacity which renders some women such insupportable companions.

THE management of all domestic affairs is certainly the proper business of woman; and unfashionably rustic as such an assertion may be thought, it is certainly not beneath the dignity of any lady, however high her rank, to know how to educate her children, to govern her servants, to order an elegant table with œconomy, and to manage her whole family with prudence, regularity, and method; if in these she is defective, whatever may be her attainments in any other kinds of knowledge, she will act out of character, and, by not moving in her proper sphere, become rather the object of ridicule than approbation. But I believe it may with truth be affirmed, that the neglect of these domestic concerns has much more frequently proceeded from an exorbitant love of diversions, a ridiculous fondness for dress and gallantry, or a mistaken pride that has placed them in a servile light, fit only for the employment of dependents, and below the attention of a fine lady, than
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from too great an attachment to mental improvements. Yet from whatsoever cause such a neglect proceeds, it is equally unjustifiable. If any thing can be urged in vindication of a custom unknown to our ancestors, which the prevalence of fashion has made so general amongst the modern ladies, I mean, that of committing to the care and discretionary power of different servants the sole management of their family affairs; nothing certainly can be alleged in defence of such an ignorance in things of this nature as renders a lady incapable of giving proper directions on all occasions; an ignorance which, in ever so exalted a station, will render her contemptible even to those servants on whose understanding and fidelity she, in fact, becomes dependent for the regularity of her house, the propriety, elegance, and frugality of her table; which last article is seldom regarded by such sort of people, who too frequently impose on those by whom they are thus implicitly trusted. Make yourself, therefore, so thoroughly acquainted with the most proper method of conducting a family, and the necessary expence which every article, in proportion to their number, will occasion, that you may come to a reasonable certainty of not being materially

terially deceived, without the ridiculous drudgery of following your servants at the heels, and contemptibly peeping into every obscure corner of your house. Nor is this at all difficult to attain, it requiring nothing more than an attentive observation. It is, of late, in most great families, become too much the custom to be long upon the books of every tradesman they employ. To assign a reason for this is foreign to my purpose; but am certain it would, in general, be better both for themselves and the people they deal with, never to be on them at all. And what difficulty or inconvenience can arise, in a well regulated family, from commissioning the steward or house-keeper to pay for every thing at the time of its being brought in? This obsolete practice (though in itself very laudable) is not, at present, and perhaps never may again, be authorised by fashion; however, let it be a rule with you to contract as few debts as possible. Most things are to be purchased both better in their kind, and at a lower price, by paying for them at the time of purchasing. But, if, to avoid the supposed trouble of frequent trifling disbursements, you chuse to have the lesser articles thrown together in a bill, let a note of the quantity and price be brought with
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every such parcel; file these notes, compare them with the bill when delivered in, and let such bills be regularly paid every quarter: for it is not reasonable to expect that a tradesman should give longer credit, without making up the interest of his money by an advanced price on what he sells; and, be assured, if you find it inconvenient to pay at the end of three months, that inconvenience must arise from living at too great an expence, and will consequently increase in six months, and grow still greater at the end of the year. By making short payments you will become the sooner sensible of such a mistake, and find it at first more easy to retrench any supernumeraries, than after having been long habituated to them. If your house is superintended by, and your servants accountable to, an housekeeper, let her be accountable to yourself, and entirely governed by your directions; carefully examine her bills, and suffer no extravagancies or unnecessary articles to pass unnoticed; let these bills be brought to you every morning, what they contain will then be easily recollected without burdening your memory; your accounts being short will be adjusted with less trouble and more exactness. Should you at any time have an upper servant whose
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family and education were superior to that state of subjection, which succeeding misfortunes may have reduced her to, such ought to be treated with peculiar indulgence ; if she has understanding enough to be conversible, and humility enough always to keep her proper distance, lessen, as much as possible, every painful remembrance of former prospects, by looking on her as an humble friend, and making her an occasional companion. But never descend to converse with those whose birth, education, and early views in life, were not superior to a state of servitude ; their minds are suited to their station ; intoxicated by any degree of familiarity, they become useless and impertinent.-----The habit very many ladies have contracted of talking to, and consulting with their women, has so spoiled that set of servants, that few of them are to be met with, who do not commence their service, by giving their unasked opinion of your person, dress, or management, artfully conveyed in the too generally accepted vehicle of flattery ; and, if allowed in this, will next proceed to offer their ridiculous advice on any occasion that may happen to discompose or ruffle your temper. Check the first appearance of such impertinence, by a reprimand

mand sufficiently severe to prevent a repetition of it. Give your orders in a plain distinct manner, with good nature, joined to a steadiness that will shew they must be punctually obeyed. Treat all your domestics with such mildness and affability, that you may be served rather out of affection than fear: let them live happily under you; give them leisure for their own business, time for innocent recreation, and more especially for attending the public service of the church; without which you have no right to expect the discharge of that owing to yourself; when wrong, tell them calmly of their faults; if they amend not after two or three such rebukes, dismiss them; but never descend to passion and scolding, which is inconsistent with a good understanding, and beneath the dignity of a gentlewoman. Be very exact in your hours, without which there can be no order in your family; I mean those of rising, eating, &c. Require from your servants punctuality in these; and never be yourself the cause of breaking through the rules you have laid down, by deferring breakfast, putting back the dinner, or letting it grow cold on the table, to wait your dressing; a custom by which many ladies introduce confusion, and bring their orders into neglect.

glect. Be always dressed, at least, half an hour before dinner.——Having mentioned this important article, I must be allowed a little digression on the subject. Whatever time is taken up in dress, beyond what is necessary to decency and cleanliness, may be looked upon (to say no worse) as a vacuum in life, entirely lost. By decency, I mean such an habit as is suitable to your rank and fortune. An ill-placed finery, inconsistent with either, is not ornamental, but ridiculous. A compliance with fashion, so far as to avoid the affectation of singularity, is necessary; but to run into the extreme of fashions, more especially those which are inconvenient, is the certain proof of a weak mind. Have a better opinion of yourself, than to suppose you can receive any additional merit from the adventitious ornaments of dress. Leave the study of the toilet to those adapted to it; I mean to that insignificant set of females, whose whole life, from the cradle to the coffin, is but a varied scene of trifling, and whose intellectuals fit them not for any thing beyond it. Such may be allowed to pass whole mornings at their looking-glass, in the important business of suiting a set of ribbands, adjusting a few curls, or determining the position of a patch; one, perhaps,

of their most innocent ways of idling.--- But let as small a portion of your time as possible be taken up in dressing. Be always perfectly clean and neat, both in your person and clothes ; equally so when alone, as in company. Look upon all beyond this, as immaterial in itself, any farther than as the different ranks of mankind have made some distinction in habit generally esteemed necessary ; and remember, that it is never the dress, however sumptuous, which reflects dignity and honour on the person ; it is the rank and merit of the person that gives consequence to the dress.

BUT to return : It is your own steadiness and example of regularity that alone can preserve uninterrupted order in your family. If by forgetfulness or inattention you at any time suffer your commands to be disobeyed with impunity, your servants will grow upon such neglect into an habit of carelessness, till repeated faults, of which this is properly the source, rouse you into anger, which an even hand would never have made necessary. Be not whimsical or capricious in your likings ; approve with judgment, and condemn with reason ; that acting right may be as certainly the means of obtaining your favour, as the contrary of incurring your displeasure.

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FROM what has been said you will see, that, in order to the proper discharge of of your domestic duties, it is absolutely necessary for you to have a perfect knowledge of every branch of household œconomy, without which you can neither correct what is wrong, approve what is right, or give directions with propriety. It is the want of this knowledge that reduces many a fine lady's family to a state of the utmost confusion and disorder on the sudden removal of a managing servant, till the place is supplied by a successor of equal ability. How much out of character, how ridiculous must a mistress of a family appear, who is entirely incapable of giving practical orders on such an occasion! Let that never be your case. Remember, my dear, this is the only proper temporal business assigned you by Providence; and in a thing so indispensably needful, so easily attained, and where so little study or application is necessary to arrive at the most commendable degree of it, the want even of perfection is almost inexcusable. Make yourself mistress of the theory, that you may be able, the more readily to reduce it into practice; and when you have a family to command, let the care of that always employ your principal attention, and every part of it be
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subjected to your own inspection. If you rise early, (a custom I hope you have not left off since you was with me), waste no unnecessary time in dressing, and conduct your house in a regular method. You will find many vacant hours unfilled up by this material business; and no objection can lie against employing those in such improvements of the mind as are most suitable to your genius and inclination. I believe no man of understanding will think, that under such regulations a woman will either make a less agreeable companion, a less useful wife, a less careful mother, or a worse mistress of a family, for all the additional knowledge her industry and application can acquire.

The morning being always thus advantageously engaged, the latter part of the day may, as I before said, be given to relaxation and amusement. Some of them may be very agreeably, and not unusefully employed by entertaining books; a few of which, together with some of a religious and instructive kind, are annexed as a specimen of the sort I would recommend to your perusal *. Novels and Romances never

* Tillotson's, Hoadley's, Sherlock's, Clarke's, and Seed's *Sermons*.

ver give yourself the trouble of reading. Though many of them contain some few good morals, they are not worth picking out of the rubbish intermixed; it is like searching for a few small diamonds amongst mountains of dirt and trash, which when found, are too inconsiderable to answer the pains of coming at them. Ridiculous as these fictitious tales generally are, they are so artfully managed as to excite an idle curiosity to see the conclusion; by which means the reader is drawn on, through a tiresome length of foolish adventures, to the common catastrophe, of a wedding, or sometimes a funeral; from which useless know-

Locke, Woollaston,	Salmon's universal history,
Mason on self-knowledge,	Potter's Antiquities,
Seneca's morals,	Kennet's antiquities,
Cicero's works,	The Spectators,
Collier's Antonius,	The Guardians,
Epictetus,	Adventurer,
Pope's essay on man,	Thomson's seasons,
Rapin's hist. of England,	Pope's translation of Ho-
mer's Iliad and Odyssy,	
Hook's, or Echard's, Ro-	
man history.	&c.

By these you may form a judgment of that sort of reading that will be both useful and entertaining to you. In the sermons, the practical ones of each author are meant. Our rule of faith should be taken from the scripture alone, which we must understand for ourselves; therefore the controverted opinions of others serve in general rather to puzzle than improve the mind.

knowledge neither pleasure nor profit accrues. The best I have met with of these kind of writings, to say no worse, it is little better than the loss of time to peruse: but some of them have more pernicious consequences; for by drawing characters that never exist in life, by representing persons and things in a false and extravagant light, and by a series of improbable causes bringing on impossible events, they are apt to give a romantic turn to the mind, that is often productive of great errors in judgment, and fatal mistakes in conduct. Of this I have seen frequent instances, and therefore advise you never to meddle with this tribe of scribblers.

WORKS of the needle, that employ the fancy, may, if they suit your inclination, be sometimes a pretty amusement; but let this employment never extend to large pieces, beyond what can be accomplished by yourself without assistance. There is not a greater extravagance under the specious name of good housewifery, than the furnishing of houses in this manner. Whole apartments have been seen thus ornamented by the supposed work of a lady, who, perhaps, never shaded two leaves in the artificial forest, but has paid four times its value to the several people employed in
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bringing it to perfection. The expence of these tedious pieces of work I speak of experimentally; having many years past undertaken one of them, which when finished was not worth fifteen pounds, and, by a computation since made, did not cost less than fifty, in the hire and maintenance of the people employed in it. This indeed was at the age of seventeen; the thoughtless inexperience of youth could alone excuse such a piece of folly. Embroideries in gold, silver, or shades of silk, come within a narrower compass. Works of that kind, which may, without calling in expensive assistance, or tiring the fancy, be finished in a summer, will be a well-chosen change of amusement, and may (as there are three of you) be made much more agreeable by one alternately reading aloud, while the other two are thus employed. All kinds of what is called plain work (though no very polite accomplishment) you must be so well versed in, as to be able to cut out, make, or mend your own linen. Some fathers, and some husbands, chuse to have their daughters, and their wives, thus attired in the labour of their own hands; and from a mistaken notion believe this to be the great criterion of frugal œconomy. Where that happens to be the inclination or opinion of either,
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it ought always to be readily complied with: but exclusive of such a motive, I see no other that makes the practical part at all necessary to any lady; excepting, indeed such a narrowness of fortune as admits not conveniently the keeping of an Abigail, to whom such exercises of the needle much more properly appertain.

THE theatre, which, by the indefatigable labour of the inimitable Mr Garrick, is now brought to very great perfection, will afford you, when in town, an equally rational and improving entertainment. At his house your judgment is not called in question, or your understanding affronted, by the impertinent representation of ridiculous pantomimes; nor your modesty offended by the indecent ribaldry of those authors, who, to their defect in wit, have added the want of good sense and good manners. Faults of this kind that (from a blameable compliance with a corrupted taste) have sometimes crept into the works of better writers, are, by his prudent direction, generally rectified, or omitted on the stage; you may there see the best plays performed in the best manner. Do not, however, go to any that you have not before heard the character of; be present only at those which are approved by persons of understanding and

and virtue, as calculated to answer the proper ends of the theatre, *viz.* that of conveying instruction in the most pleasing method.---Attend to the sentiment, apply the moral; and then you cannot, I think, pass an evening in a more useful or a more entertaining diversion.

DANCING may also take its turn as an healthful exercise, and generally suitable to the taste and gaiety of young minds.

PART of these hours appropriated to relaxation, must of necessity be less agreeably taken up in the paying and receiving of visits of mere ceremony and civility, a tribute by custom authorised, by good manners enjoined. In these, when the conversation is only insignificant, join it with an apparent satisfaction: talk of the elegance of a birthday-suit, the pattern of a lace, the judicious assortment of jewels, the cut of a ruffle, or the set of a sleeve, with an unaffected ease; not according to the rank they hold in your estimation, but proportioned to the consequence they may be of in the opinion of those you are conversing with. The great art of pleasing is to appear pleased with others. Suffer not an ill-bred absence of thought or a contemptuous sneer, ever to betray a conscious superiority of understanding, always produc-

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tive of ill nature and dislike. Suit yourself to the capacity and taste of your company, when that taste is confined to harmless trifles: but where it is so far depraved, as to delight in cruel sarcasms on the absent, to be pleased with discovering the blemishes in a good character, or repeating the greater faults of a bad one, here religion and humanity forbid the least degree of assent. If you have not any knowledge of the persons thus unhappily sacrificed to envy or malice, and consequently are ignorant as to the truth or falsehood of such aspersions, always suspect them to be ill-grounded, or, at least, greatly exaggerated: shew your disapprobation by a silent gravity, and by taking the first opportunity to change the subject. But where any acquaintance with the character in question gives room for defending it, let not an ill-timed complaisance prevail over justice; vindicate injured innocence with all the freedom and warmth of an unrestrained benevolence; and where the faults of the guilty will admit of palliation, urge all that truth can allow in mitigation of error. From this method, besides the pleasure arising from the consciousness of a strict conformity to the great rule of doing as you would be done by, you will also reap to yourself the benefit of being
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less frequently pestered with themes ever painful to a humane disposition. If unfortunately you have some acquaintance whose malevolence of heart, no sentiment of virtue, no check of good manners, can restrain from these malicious sallies of ill-nature, to them let your visits be made as seldom and as short as decency will permit; there being neither decency nor satisfaction to be found in such company; amongst whom only cards may be introduced with any advantage. On this account it will be proper for you to know how to play at those games most in use, because it is an argument of great folly to engage in any thing without doing it well: but this is a diversion that I hope you will have no fondness for, as it is in itself, to say no worse, a very insignificant one.

WITH persons for whom you can have no esteem, good breeding may oblige you to keep up an intercourse of ceremonious visits; but politeness enjoins not to length or frequency of them; here inclination may be followed without a breach of civility; there is no tax upon intimacy, but from choice; and that choice should ever be founded on merit, the certainty whereof you cannot be too careful in previously examining. Great caution is necessary not to

be deceived by specious appearances. A plausible behaviour, often, upon a superficial knowledge, creates a prepossession in favour of persons, who, upon a nearer view, may be found to have no claim to esteem. The forming a precipitant judgment sometimes leads into an unwary intimacy, which it may prove absolutely necessary to break off; and yet that breach be attended with innumerable inconveniencies, nay, perhaps, with very material and lasting ill consequences. Prudence, therefore, here enjoins the greatest circumspection. Few people are capable of friendship, and still fewer have all the qualifications one would chuse in a friend. The fundamental point is, a virtuous disposition; but to that should be added, a good understanding, solid judgment, sweetness of temper, steadiness of mind, freedom of behaviour, and sincerity of heart. Seldom as these are to be found united, never make a bosom-friend of a person greatly deficient in either. Be slow in contracting friendship, and invariably constant in maintaining it. Expect not many friends; but think yourself happy, if, through life, you meet with one or two who deserve that name, and have all the requisites for the valuable relation. This may justly be deemed the highest blessing of mortality.

mortality. Uninterrupted health has the general voice; but, in my opinion, such a friend as much deserves the preference, as the mental pleasures both in nature and degree exceed the corporeal. The weaknesses, the pains of the body may be inexpressibly alleviated by the conversation of a person by affection endeared, by reason approved; whose tender sympathy partakes your afflictions, and shares your enjoyments; who is steady in the correction, but mild in the reproof of your faults; like a guardian angel ever watchful to warn you of unforeseen dangers, and by timely admonitions prevent the mistakes incident to human frailty and self-partiality. This is the true office of friendship. With such a friend, no state of life can be absolutely unhappy; but, destitute of some such connection, heaven has so formed our natures for this intimate society, that, amidst the affluence of fortune, and the flow of uninterrupted health, there will be an aching void in the solitary breast, that can never know a plenitude of happiness. Should the Supreme Disposer of all events bestow on you this superlative gift, to such a friend let your heart be ever unreservedly open; conceal no secret thought, disguise no latent weakness, but bare your bosom to the faith-

ful probe of honest friendship; and shrink not, if it smart beneath the touch; nor with tenacious pride dislike the person that freely dares condemn some favourite foible; but, ever open to conviction, hear with attention, and receive with gratitude, the kind reproof that flows from tenderness; when sensible of a fault, be ingenuous in the confession, sincere and steady in the correction of it.

HAPPY is her lot, who in an husband finds this invaluable friend! Yet so great is the hazard, so disproportioned the chances, that I could almost wish the dangerous dye was never to be thrown for any of you! But as most probably it may, let me conjure ye all, my dear girls, if ever any of you take this most important step in life, to proceed with the utmost care, and deliberate circumspection. Fortune and family it is the sole province of your pappa to direct in, who certainly has always an undoubted right to a negative voice, though not to a compulsive one. As a child is very justifiable in the refusal of her hand, even to the absolute command of a father, where her heart cannot go with it; so she is extremely culpable, by giving it contrary to his approbation.———Here I must take shame to myself! and for this unpardonable

donable fault, do justly acknowledge the subsequent ill consequences of a most unhappy marriage were the proper punishment. This and every other error in my conduct, I do, and shall, with the utmost candour, lay open to you; sincerely praying, that you may reap the benefit of my experience, and avoid those rocks I have, either by carelessness, or sometimes, alas! by too much caution, split against.

BUT to return:---The chief point to be regarded in the choice of a companion for life, is a real virtuous principle, an unaffected goodness of heart; without this you will be continually shocked by indecency, and pained by impiety. So numerous have been the unhappy victims to the ridiculous opinion, that a reformed libertine makes the best husband; that, did not experience daily evince the contrary, one would believe it impossible for a girl, who has a tolerable degree of common understanding, to be made the dupe of so erroneous a position, that has not the least shadow of reason for its foundation, and which a small share of observation will prove to be false in fact. A man who has been long conversant with the worst sort of women, is very apt to contract a bad opinion of and a contempt for the sex in general. Incapable

pable of esteeming any, he is suspicious of all ; jealous without cause, angry without provocation, and his own disturbed imagination is a continual source of ill humour. To this is frequently joined a bad habit of body, the natural consequence of an irregular life, which gives an additional sourness to the temper. What rational prospect of happiness can there be with such a companion? And that this is the general character of those who are called reformed rakes, observation will certify. But, admit there may be some exceptions, it is a hazard that no considerate woman would venture the peace of her whole future life upon. The vanity of those girls who believe themselves capable of working miracles of this kind, and give up their persons to a man of libertine principles, upon the wild expectation of reclaiming him, justly deserve the disappointment they will generally meet with ; for, believe me, a wife is, of all others, the least likely to succeed in such an attempt.—Be it your care to find that virtue in a lover, which you must never hope to form in an husband. Good sense and good nature are almost equally requisite. If the former is wanting, it will be next to impossible for you to esteem the person of whose behaviour you may have cause to be ashamed ;

shamed ; and mutual esteem is as necessary to happiness in the married state, as mutual affection : without the latter, every day will bring with it some fresh cause of vexation ; till repeated quarrels produce a coldness, that will settle into an irreconcilable aversion, and you not only become each other's torment, but the object of contempt to your family and acquaintance.

THIS quality of good-nature is, of all others, the most difficult to be ascertained ; which proceeds from the general mistake of blending it with good-humour, as in themselves the same, though, in fact, no two principles of action are more essentially different. This may require some explanation.—By good-nature, then, I mean, that true benevolence which partakes the felicity of all mankind, that promotes the satisfaction of every individual within the reach of its ability, that relieves the distressed, comforts the afflicted, diffuses blessings, and communicates happiness, as far as its sphere of action can extend ; and, in the private scenes of life, will shine conspicuous in the dutiful son, the affectionate husband, the indulgent father, the faithful friend, and the compassionate master, both to man and beast ; whilst good humour is nothing more than a cheerful, pleasing deportment,

portment, arising either from a natural gaiety of mind, or an affectation of popularity, joined to an affability of behaviour, the result of good-breeding, and a ready compliance with the taste of every company. This kind of mere good-humour is by far the most striking quality. It is frequently mistaken for, and complimented with the superior name of real good-nature : a man by this specious appearance has often acquired that appellation, who, in all the actions of his private life, has been a morose, cruel, revengeful, sullen, haughty tyrant.—Let them put on the cap whose temples fit the galling wreath!—On the contrary, a man of a true benevolent disposition, and formed to promote the happiness of all around him, may sometimes, perhaps, from an ill habit of body, an accidental vexation, or a commendable openness of heart, above the meanness of disguise, be guilty of little fallies of peevishness, or ill-humour, that may carry the appearance of, and be unjustly thought to proceed from, ill-nature, by persons who are unacquainted with his true character, and take them for synonymous terms ; though in reality they bear not the least analogy to each other. In order to the forming a right judgment, it is absolutely necessary to observe this distinction,

stinction, which will effectually secure you from the dangerous error of taking the shadow for the substance. An irretrievable mistake! pregnant with enumerable consequent evils.

FROM what has been said, it plainly appears, that the criterion of this amiable virtue is not to be taken from the general opinion; mere good humour being, to all intents and purposes, sufficient in this particular, to establish the public voice in favour of a man utterly devoid of every humane and benevolent affection of heart. It is only from the less conspicuous scenes of life, the more retired sphere of action, the artless tenor of domestic conduct, that the real character can, with any certainty, be drawn. These undisguised proclaim the man: but as they shun the glare of light, nor court the noise of popular applause; obscure, they pass unnoticed, and are seldom known till after an intimate acquaintance. The best method, therefore, to avoid deception in this case, is, to lay no stress on outward appearances, too often fallacious; but to take the rule of judging from the simple, unpolished sentiments of those whose dependent connections give them an undeniable certainty; who not only see, but hourly feel, the good or bad effects of that
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disposition they are subjected to. By this I mean, that if a man is equally respected, esteemed, and beloved, by his tenants, his dependents, and domestics, from the substantial farmer to the laborious peasant, from the proud steward to the submissive wretch, who, thankful for employment, humbly obeys the menial tribe; you may justly conclude, he has that true good nature, that real benevolence, which delights in communicating felicity, and enjoys the satisfaction it diffuses: but if by these he is despised and hated, served merely from a principle of fear, devoid of affection, which is very easily discoverable, whatever may be his public character, however favourable the general opinion; be assured his disposition is such, as can never be productive of domestic happiness. I have been the more particular on this head, as it is one of the most essential qualifications to be regarded, and of all others the most liable to be mistaken.

NEVER be prevailed with, my dear, to give your hand to a person defective in those material points. Secure of virtue, good nature, and understanding, in an husband, you may be secure of happiness; without the two former it is unattainable; without the latter in a tolerable degree, it must be very imperfect.

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REMEMBER, infallibility is not the property of man; or you may entail disappointment on yourself, by expecting what is never to be found. The best of men are sometimes inconsistent with themselves; they are liable to be hurried, by sudden starts of passion, into expressions and actions which their cooler reason will condemn; they may have some oddities of behaviour, some peculiarities of temper, be subject to accidental ill humour, or whimsical complaints. Blemishes of this kind often shade the brightest character; but are never destructive of mutual felicity, unless made so by an improper resentment, or an ill-judged opposition. Reason can never be heard by passion: the offer of it tends only to inflame the more. When cooled in his usual temper, if wrong, the man of understanding will suggest to himself all that could be urged against him; the man of good-nature will, unupbraided, own an error. Contradiction at the time is, therefore, wholly unserviceable, and highly imprudent; an after repetition, equally unnecessary and injudicious. Any peculiarities in the temper or behaviour, ought to be properly represented in the tenderest and most friendly manner; and, if done discreetly, will be generally well taken; but if they are so ha-

bitual as not easily to be altered, strike not too often upon the unharmonious string; rather let them pass as unobserved: such a cheerful compliance will better cement your union; and they may be made easy to yourself, by reflecting on the superior good qualities by which these trifling faults are so greatly overbalanced. You must remember, my dear, these rules are laid down only on the supposition of your being united to a person who possesses the three essential qualifications for happiness before-mentioned. In this case, no farther direction is necessary, but that you strictly perform the duty of a wife, *viz.* to love, honour, and obey. The two first are a tribute so indispensably due to merit, that it must naturally be paid by inclination: these lead to the last; which will not only be an easy, but a pleasing task; since nothing ever can by him be enjoined, that is in itself improper; and few things will, that with any reason can be to you disagreeable. Here should this subject end, were it not more than possible for you, after all that has been urged, to be led, by some inferior motive, to the neglect of the primary caution; and either from an opinion too hastily entertained, an unaccountable partiality, or the powerful prevalence of persuasion, be unfor-

fortunately induced to give your hand where a bad heart, and a morose temper, concealed by a well-practised dissimulation, may render every flattering hope of happiness abortive. Heaven in mercy guard you from this fatal error! Such a companion is the worst of all temporal ills; a deadly potion, that imbitters every social scene of life, damps every rising joy, and banishes that cheerful temper which alone can give a true relish to the blessings of mortality. Most sincerely do I pray this may never be your lot! and hope your prudent circumspection will be sufficient to guard you from the danger. But the bare possibility of such an event, makes it not unnecessary to lay down a few rules for the maintaining some degree of ease, under the deprivation of happiness. This is by far the most difficult part of my present undertaking; it is hard to advise here, and still harder to practise the advice. The subject also is too extensive to be minutely treated within the compass of a letter, which must confine me to the most material points only; in these I shall give you the best directions in my power, ardently wishing you may never have occasion to make use of them.

THE being united to a man of irreligious principles, makes it impossible to discharge

a great part of the proper duty of a wife. To name but one instance; that of obedience will be rendered impracticable, by frequent injunctions inconsistent with, and contrary to, the higher obligations of morality. This is not mere supposition, but spoke from facts I have often seen and can attest. Where this happens, the reasons for noncompliance ought to be offered in a plain, strong, good-natured manner; there is at least the chance of success from being heard: but should those reasons be rejected, or the hearing of them be refused, and silence on the subject be enjoined, (which is most probable, few people caring to hear, what they know to be right, when determined not to appear convinced by it), in this obey, nor farther urge the argument; but keep steady to your principles, and neither by persuasion or threats be prevailed with to act contrary to them. All commands repugnant to the laws of Christianity it is your indispensable duty to disobey; all requests that are inconsistent with prudence, incompatible with that rank and character you ought to maintain in life, it is your interest to refuse. A compliance with the former would be criminal; a consent to the latter highly indiscreet, and subject you to general censure: for a man capable of

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requiring from his wife what he knows to be in itself wrong, is equally capable of throwing the whole blame of such misconduct on her, and afterwards upbraiding her for a behaviour he will, upon the same principle, disown his having been accessory to. Many similar instances have come within the compass of my own observation. In things of a less material nature, that are neither criminal in themselves, nor pernicious in their consequences, always acquiesce, if insisted on, however disagreeable they may be to your own temper and inclination. Such a compliance will evidently prove, that your refusal in the other case proceeds not from a spirit of contradiction, but merely from a just regard to that superior duty which can never be infringed with impunity. Passion may resent, but reason must approve this conduct; and, therefore, it is the most likely method, in time, to make a favourable impression; but failing there, you will at least enjoy that satisfactory self-approbation, which is the inseparable attendant of a truly religious and rational deportment.

SHOULD the painful task of dealing with a morose tyrannical temper be assigned you, there is little more to be recommended than a patient submission to an evil which admits not of a remedy. Ill-nature is increa-

fed, obstinacy confirmed, by opposition ; the less such a temper is contradicted, the more supportable will it be to those who are under its baneful influence. When all endeavours to please are ineffectual, and a man seems determined to find fault with every thing, as if his chief pleasure consisted in tormenting those about him, it requires a more than common degree of patience and resolution to forbear uttering those reproaches which such a behaviour may be justly allowed to deserve ; yet is it absolutely necessary, to the maintaining any tolerable degree of ease, not only to restrain all expressions of resentment, but even those disdainful looks which are apt to accompany a contemptuous silence, both equally tending to increase the malady. This diabolical delight in giving pain, is most unwearied in the search of matter for its gratification, and can either find, or unaccountably form it, in almost all the occurrences of life ; but when suffered unobstructed, unregarded, to run its malicious course, will quickly vent its blunted arrows, and die of disappointment ; whilst all endeavours to appease, all complaints of unkindness, sharpen against yourself the weapon's edge, and, by proving your sensibility of the wound, give the wished satisfaction to him who inflicts it.

it. Prudence here directs more than ordinary circumspection; that every part of your behaviour may be as blameless as possible, even to the abstaining from the least appearance of evil; and after having, to the utmost of your power, strove to merit approbation, expect not to meet with it. By this means you will escape the mortification of being disappointed, which, often repeated, is apt to give a gloomy sourness to the temper, incompatible with any degree of contentment. You must also learn to be satisfied with the consciousness of acting right, according to your best ability, and look with an unconcerned indifference on the reception every successful attempt to please may meet with.

THIS, it must be owned, is a hard lesson of philosophy; it requires no less than an absolute command over the passions: but let it be remembered, that such a command will itself most amply recompense every difficulty, every pain, the obtaining it may cost: besides, it is, I believe, the only way to preserve any tranquillity of mind under so disagreeable a connection.

As the want of understanding is by no art to be concealed, by no address to be disguised, it might be supposed impossible for a woman of sense to unite herself to a
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person whose defect in this kind must render that sort of rational society, which constitutes the chief happiness of such an union, impossible. Yet here how often has the weakness of female judgment been conspicuous! The advantages of great superiority in rank or fortune, have frequently proved so irresistible a temptation, as, in opinion, to outweigh not only the folly, but even the vices of its possessor: A grand mistake! ever tacitly acknowledged by a subsequent repentance, when the expected pleasures of affluence, equipage, and all the glittering pomp of useless pageantry, are experimentally found insufficient to balance the deprivation of that constant satisfaction resulting from the social joy of conversing with a reasonable friend. Weak as this motive must be acknowledged, it is yet more excusable than one, which, it may be feared, has sometimes prevailed; I mean, so great a love of sway, as to give the preference to a person of weak intellectuals, in hopes thereby of holding uncontrolled the reins of government. The expectation is in fact ill grounded; obstinacy and pride being generally the companions of folly. The silliest people are usually the most tenacious of their opinions; and, consequently, the hardest of all others to be managed.—But admit the

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contrary; this principle is in itself bad, tends to invert the order of nature, and counteracts the design of Providence.

A woman can never be seen in a more ridiculous light, than when she appears to govern her husband. If, unfortunately, the superiority of understanding is on her side, the apparent consciousness of that superiority betrays a weakness that renders her contemptible in the sight of every considerate person, and may very probably fix in his mind a dislike never to be eradicated. Lest it should ever be to you necessary, remember, that in this case some degree of dissimulation is commendable, so far as to let the defect seem unobserved. When he judges wrong, never flatly contradict, but lead him insensibly into another opinion, in so discreet a manner, that it may seem entirely his own; and let the whole credit of every prudent determination rest on him, without indulging the foolish vanity of claiming any merit to yourself. Thus a person of but an indifferent capacity, may be so assisted, as, in many instances, to shine with a borrowed lustre, scarce distinguishable from the native, and by degrees be brought into a kind of mechanical method of acting properly in all the common occurrences of life. Odd

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as this position may seem, it is founded in fact; and I have seen the method successfully practised by more than one person; where a weak mind, on the governing side, has been so prudently set off, as to appear the sole director: like the statue of the Delphic god, which was thought to give forth its own oracles, whilst the humble priest, who lent his voice, was by the shrine concealed, nor sought a higher glory than a supposed obedience to the power he would be thought to serve.

FROM hence it may be inferred, that, by a perfect propriety of behaviour, ease and contentment is, at least, attainable with a companion who has not the most exalted understanding: but then virtue and good nature are presupposed, or there will be nothing to work upon; a vitious, ill-natured fool, being so untractable and tormenting an associate, that there needs only to add jealousy to the composition, to make the curse complete.

THIS passion, once suffered to get footing in the heart, is hardly ever to be extirpated: it is a constant source of torment to the breast that gives it reception, and an inexhaustible fund of vexation to the object of it. With a person of this unfortunate disposition, it is prudent to avoid the least

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appearance of concealment: A whisper in a mixed company, a message given in a low voice to a servant, has, by the power of a disturbed imagination, been magnified into a material injury; whatever has the air of secrecy, raises a terror in a mind naturally distrustful. A perfect unreserved openness, both in conversation and behaviour, starves the anxious expectation of discovery, and may very probably lead into an habitual confidence, the only antidote against the poison of suspicion. It is easier to prevent, than to remove, a received ill impression; and, consequently, much wiser to be sometimes deficient in little points of civility, which, however indifferent in themselves, may happen unaccountably to clash with the ease of a person, whose repose it is both your duty and interest to promote;—much more commendable contentedly to incur the censure of a trifling disposition, by a circumstantial, unasked relation of insignificant incidents, than to give any room for apprehending the least degree of reserve. Such a constant method of proceeding, together with a reasonable compliance, is the most likely to cure this painful turn of mind; for, by withholding every support that could give strength to it, the want of matter to feed on, may, probably, in time
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cause its extinction: if, unhappily, it is so constitutional, so interwoven with the soul, as to become, in a manner, inseparably united with it, nothing remains but a patient submission to the will of heaven, under the pressure of an unalterable evil;---to guard carefully against the natural consequence of repeated undeserved suspicions, *viz.* a growing indifference, that too frequently terminates in aversion;---and by considering such a situation as a trial of obedience and resignation, receive the comfort that must arise from properly exercising one of the most exalted of the Christian virtues.—I cannot dismiss this subject without adding a particular caution to yourself concerning it.

JEALOUSY is, on several accounts, still more inexcusable in a woman; there is not any thing that so much exposes her to ridicule, or so much subjects her to the insult of affrontive addresses: it is an inlet to almost every possible evil, the fatal source of innumerable indiscretions, the sure destruction of her own peace, and frequently proves the bane of her husband's affection. Give not a momentary harbour to its shadow in your heart: fly from it as from the face of a fiend, that would lead your unwary steps into a gulf of unalterable misery.

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When once embarked in the matrimonial voyage, the fewer faults you discover in your partner, the better; never search after what it will give you no pleasure to find; never desire to hear what you will not like to be told; therefore avoid that tribe of impertinents, who, either from a malicious love of discord, or the meaner though less criminal motive of ingratiating themselves by gratifying the blameable curiosity of others, sow dissention wherever they gain admittance, by telling unwelcome truths, or, more frequently, by insinuating invented falsehoods, injure innocent people, disturb domestic union, and destroy the peace of families. Treat these emissaries of Satan with the contempt they deserve: hear not what they offer to communicate; but give them at once to understand, that you can never look on those as your friends who speak in a disadvantageous manner of that person whom you would always chuse to see in the most favourable light: if not effectually silenced by such rebukes, be inaccessible to their visits, and break off all acquaintance with such incorrigible pests of society, who will be ever upon the watch to seize an unguarded opportunity of disturbing your repose.

SHOULD the companion of your life be
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guilty of some secret indiscretions, run not the hazard of being told by these malicious meddlers, what in fact it is better for you never to know : but if some unavoidable accident betrays an imprudent correspondence, take it for a mark of esteem, that he endeavours to conceal from you, what he knows you must, upon a principle of reason and religion, disapprove ; and do not, by discovering your acquaintance with it, take off the restraint which your supposed ignorance lays him under, and thereby perhaps give a latitude to undisguised irregularities. Be assured, whatever accidental fallies the gaiety of inconsiderate youth may lead him into, he can never be indifferent to you, whilst he is careful to preserve your peace, by concealing what he imagines might be an infringement of it : rest satisfied, that time and reason will most certainly get the better of all faults, which proceed not from a bad heart ; and that, by maintaining the first place in his esteem, your happiness will be built on too firm a foundation to be easily shaken.

I HAVE been thus particular on the choice of an husband, and the material parts of conduct in a married life, as thereon depends not only the temporal, but often the eternal felicity of those who enter into that state ;

state; a constant scene of disagreement, ill-nature, and quarrels, necessarily unfitting the mind for every religious and social duty, by keeping it in a disposition diametrically opposite to that Christian piety, that practical benevolence and rational composure, which alone can prepare it for everlasting happiness.

INSTRUCTIONS on this head, considering your tender age, may seem premature; and should have been deferred, till occasion called for them, had our situation allowed me frequent opportunities of communicating my sentiments to you. But that not being the case, I have chose, in this epistle, at once, to offer you my best advice in every circumstance of great moment to your well-being both here and hereafter, lest, at a proper more proper season, it might not happen to be in my power. This part you may defer the consideration of, till the design of entering into a new scene of life may make it useful to you; which I hope will not be yet some years; an unhappy marriage being generally the consequence of a too early engagement, before reason has gained sufficient strength to form a solid judgment, on which only a proper choice can be determined. Great is the hazard of a mistake, and irretrievable

the effects of it! Many are the degrees between happiness and misery. Absolute misery, I will venture to affirm, is to be avoided by a proper behaviour, even under all the complicated ills of human life: but to arrive at that proper behaviour, requires the highest degree of Christian philosophy; and who would voluntarily put themselves upon a state of trial, so severe, that not one in a thousand have been found able to come off victorious? Betwixt this and positive happiness, there are innumerable steps of comparative evil: each has its separate conflict, variously difficult, differently painful; under all which a patient submission, and a conscious propriety of behaviour, is the only attainable good. Far short of possible temporal felicity, is the ease arising from hence! Rest not content with the prospect of such ease; but fix on a more eligible point of view, by aiming at true happiness; and, take my word, that can never be found in a married state, without the three essential qualifications already mentioned, virtue, good nature, and good sense, in an husband. Remember, therefore, my dear girl, this repeated caution, if you ever resolve on marriage, never to give your hand to a man who wants either of them, whatever other advantages he may be possessed of;

of: so shall you not only escape all those vexations, which thousands of unthinking mortals hourly repent the having brought upon themselves; but most assuredly, if it is not your own fault, enjoy that uninterrupted domestic harmony, in the affectionate society of a virtuous companion, that constitutes the highest satisfaction of human life. Such an union, founded on reason and religion, cemented by mutual esteem and tenderness, is a kind of faint emblem (if the comparison may be allowed) of the promised reward of virtue in a future state; and, most certainly, an excellent preparative for it, by keeping the mind in a constant equanimity, a regular composure, that naturally leads to the proper discharge of all the religious and social duties of life; the unerring road to everlasting peace. The first have been already spoken to; it remains only to mention some few of the latter.

Amongst these, œconomy may, perhaps, be thought improperly placed; yet, as many of the duties we owe to society are often rendered impracticable by the want of it, there is not so much impropriety in ranking it under this head, as may at first be imagined. For instance; a man, who lives at an expence beyond what his income

will support, lays himself under the necessity of being unjust, by with-holding from his creditors what they have a right to demand from him as their due by all laws both human and divine ; and thereby often entails ruin on an innocent family, who, but for the loss sustained by his extravagance, might have comfortably subsisted on the profits of their industry : he likewise puts it out of his own power to give that relief to the indigent, which, by the laws of humanity, they have a right to expect : the goods of fortune being given (as a great divine excellently observes) for the use and support of others, as well as the person on whom they are bestowed. These are, surely, great breaches of that duty we owe to our fellow-creatures, and are the subsequent effects produced by the want of œconomy.

You will find it a very good method, so to regulate your stated expences, as to bring them always one fourth part within your certain annual income. By this means you will avoid being at any time distressed by unforeseen accidents, and have it more easily in your power materially to relieve those who deserve assistance. The giving trifling sums indiscriminately to such as appear necessitous, is so far from being commendable,

able, that it is a real injury to society ; an encouragement to idleness, and helps to fill the streets with lazy beggars, that live upon misapplied bounty, to the prejudice of the industrious poor, who are useful members of the commonwealth, and on whom such benefactions might be serviceably bestowed. Be very sparing in this kind of donations ; they are an insignificant relief to the receivers, supposing them to be really in want ; and, frequently repeated, amount to a considerable sum in the year's account. The proper objects of charity are, those who by unavoidable misfortunes have fallen from affluent circumstances into a state of poverty and distress ; those also, who, by unexpected disappointments in trade, are on the point of being reduced to an impossibility of carrying on that business, on which their present subsistence and future prospects in life depend, from the incapacity of raising an immediate sum to surmount the difficulty ; and those, who by their utmost industry can hardly support their families above the miseries of want, or who by age or illness are rendered incapable of labour. Appropriate a certain part of your income to the relief of these real distresses. To the first, give as largely as your circumstances will allow. To the second (after the example
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of an excellent prelate of our own church) lend, if it is in your power, a sufficient sum to prevent the threatened ruin, on condition of being repaid the loan, without interest, if Providence enables them, by future success, to do it with convenience. The same method may be used where indigence renders industry unavailable, by depriving it of the means to lay in a small original stock to be improved upon. Never take a note of hand, or any acknowledgment of such a loan, lest what you intended for a benefit, should be afterwards made the instrument of ruin to the receiver, by a different disposition in your successor. Such assistance ought not to be given to any, without a thorough knowledge of their character, and having good reason to believe them not only industrious, but strictly honest; which will be a sufficient obligation on them for the repayment: and the sums so repaid, ought to be laid by, till an opportunity again offers of making them in like manner serviceable to others. The latter sort, who are able to work, may, by a small addition to the profits of their own labour, be rescued from misery, and put into a comfortable way of subsistence. Those who by age or infirmity are rendered utterly incapable of supporting themselves, have
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an undoubted right, not only to the necessities, but even to some of the conveniences of life, from all whom Providence has placed in the more happy state of affluence and independence.

As your fortune and situation are yet undetermined, I have purposely laid down such rules as may be adapted to every station. A large fortune gives greater opportunity of doing good, and communicating happiness in a more extensive degree; but a small one is no excuse for withholding a proportionate relief to real and deserving objects of compassion; to assist them is an indispensable duty of Christianity. The first and great commandment is, to love God with all your heart; the second, to love your neighbour as yourself. *Whoso seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*—or how the love of his neighbour? If deficient in these primary duties, vain are the hopes of acceptance, built on a partial obedience to the lesser branches of the law! Inability is often pleaded as an excuse for the want of charity, by persons who make no scruple of daily lavishing on their pleasures, what, better applied, might have made an indigent family happy through life. These lose sight of real felicity, by the mistaken

staken pursuit of its shadow; such pleasures die in the enjoyment, are often succeeded by remorse, and always by satiety: whereas the true joy, the sweet complacency, resulting from benevolent actions, increases by reflection, and must be immortal as the soul. So exactly, so kindly, is our duty made to coincide with our present as well as future interest, that incomparably more satisfaction will accrue to a considerate mind, from denying itself even some of the agreeables of life, in order the more effectually to relieve the unfortunate, than a full indulgence of every temporal gratification could bestow.

HOWEVER small your income may be, remember that a part of it is due to merit in distress. Set by an annual sum for this purpose, even though it should oblige you to abate some unnecessary expence to raise the fund. By this method, persons of slender fortune have been enabled to do much good, and give happiness to many. If your fund will not admit of frequent draughts upon it, be the more circumspect with regard to the merit of those you relieve, that bounties not in your power to repeat often, may not be misapplied. But if Providence, by a more ample fortune, should bless you with a larger ability of being serviceable to
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your fellow-creatures, prove yourself worthy of the trust reposed in you, by making a proper use of it. Wide as your influence can extend, turn the cry of distress and danger into the song of joy and safety, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the afflicted, give medicine to the sick, and with it all the alleviation their unfortunate circumstances can admit of.---Thus may you truly make a friend of the unrighteous mammon, thus turn the perishable goods of fortune into everlasting blessings.---Upon earth, you will partake that happiness you impart to others; and lay up for yourself *treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break thro' and steal.*

A PERSON who has once experienced the advantages of right action, will be led by the motive of present self-interest, as well as future expectation, to the continuance of it. There is no injunction of Christianity, that a sincere Christian will not by obedience find is so calculated as to be directly, in some measure, its own reward.

THE forgiveness of injuries (to which alone is annexed the promise of pardon for our own offences, and required by the gospel, not only so far as to forbear all kinds of retaliation, but also to render you equally dis-

disposed to serve, with your utmost power, those persons who have wilfully injured you, as if no such injury had been received from them) has by some been accounted a hard precept; yet the difficulty of it arises merely from, and is proportionable to, the badness of the heart by which it is so esteemed. A good disposition finds a superlative pleasure in returning good for evil; and by an inexpressible satisfaction of mind, in so doing, feels the present reward of obedience: whereas a spirit of revenge is incompatible with happiness, an implacable temper being a constant torment to its possessor; and the man who returns an injury, feels more real misery from the rancour of his own heart, than it is in his power to inflict upon another.

SHOULD a friend wound you in the most tender part, by betraying a confidence reposed, prudence forbids the exposing yourself to a second deception, by placing any future trust in such a person. But though here all obligations of intimacy cease, those of benevolence and humanity remain still in full force, and are equally binding, as to every act of service and assistance, even to the suffering a lesser evil yourself, in order to procure a much greater good to the person by whom you have been thus ill-used.

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This is in general allowed to be the duty of every individual to all, as a member of society; but is particularly instanced in the present case, to shew, that not even a breach of friendship, the highest of all provocations, will conceal the duty, at all times equally and unalterably obligatory, of promoting both the temporal and eternal happiness of all your fellow-creatures, by every method in your power.

IT has been by many thought impertinent at any time to offer unasked advice; the reason of which, may be chiefly owing to its being too frequently tendered with a supercilious air, that implies a conceited consciousness of superior wisdom: it is the manner, therefore, more than the thing itself, that gives disgust.

IF those with whom you have any degree of intimacy, are guilty of what to you appears either wrong or indiscreet, speak your opinion to them with freedom, though you should even lose a friend by so doing. Silence makes you, in some measure, an accessory to the fault. But having thus once discharged your duty, rest there; they are to judge for themselves. To repeat such admonitions, is both useless and impertinent; and will be thought to proceed rather from pride than good-nature. To the per-

sons concerned only, are you to speak your disapprobation of their conduct; when censured by others, say all that truth or probability will permit in their justification.

It often happens, that, upon an accidental quarrel between friends, they separately appeal to a third person: in such a case, alternately take the opposite side; alledging every argument in favour of the absent party, and placing the mistakes of the complainer in the strongest light. This method may probably at first displease; but is always right, as the most likely to procure a reconciliation. If that takes place, each, equally obliged, will thankfully approve your conduct: if not, you will have the satisfaction of at least endeavouring to be the restorer of peace. A contrary behaviour, which generally proceeds from the mean desire of pleasing, by flattery, at the expence of truth, often widens a trifling breach, into open and irreconcilable enmity. People of this disposition are the worst sort of incendiaries; the greatest plague of human society, because the most difficult to be guarded against, from their always wearing the specious disguise of pretended approbation and friendship to the present, and equally deceitful resentment against the absent person or company.

To

To enumerate all the social duties would lead me too far; suffice it, therefore, my dear, in a few words to sum up what remains. Let truth ever dwell upon your tongue; scorn to flatter any, and despise the person who would practise so base an art upon yourself. Be honestly open in every part of your behaviour and conversation. All with whom you have any intercourse, even down to the meanest station, have a right to civility and good-humour from you. A superiority of rank or fortune is no licence for a proud supercilious behaviour. The disadvantages of a dependant state are alone sufficient to labour under; it is both unjust and cruel to increase them, either by an haughty deportment, or by the unwarrantable exercise of a capricious temper.

EXAMINE every part of your conduct towards others by the unerring rule, of supposing a change of places; this will certainly lead to an impartial judgment. Do then what appears to you right, or, in other words, what you would they should do unto you; which comprehends every duty relative to society.

AIM at perfection, or you will never reach to an attainable height of virtue. Be religious without hypocrisy, pious without

enthusiasm. Endeavour to merit the favour of God, by a sincere and uniform obedience to whatever you know or believe to be his will: and should afflictive evils be permitted to cloud the sunshine of your brightest days, receive them with submission; satisfied that a Being, equally wise, omniscient, and beneficent, at once sees and intends the good of his whole creation; and that every general or particular dispensation of his providence towards the rational part of it, is so calculated as to be productive of ultimate happiness, which nothing but the misbehaviour of individuals can prevent to themselves. This truth is surely an unanswerable argument for absolute resignation to the will of God; and such a resignation, founded upon reason and choice, not enforced by necessity, is unalterable peace of mind, fixed on too firm a basis to be shaken by adversity. Pain, poverty, ingratitude, calumny, and even the loss of those we hold most dear, may each transiently affect, but united cannot mortally wound it. Upon this principle, you will find it possible not only to be content, but cheerful, under all the disagreeable circumstances this state of probation is liable to: and, by making a proper use of them, effectually remove the garb of terror from the last of all temporal evils,

evils, and learn, with grateful pleasure, to meet approaching death, as the kind remover of every painful sensation, the friendly guide to perfect and everlasting happiness.

BELIEVE me, this is not mere theory ; my own experience every moment proves the fact undeniably true ; my conduct in all those relations which still with me subsist, nearly as human imperfection will allow, is governed by the rules here laid down for you ; which produces the constant rational composure, that constitutes the most perfect felicity of human life : and with truth I can aver, that I daily feel incomparably more real satisfaction, more true contentment, in my present retirement, than the gayest scenes of festive mirth ever afforded me ; I am pleased with this life, without an anxious thought for the continuance of it, and happy in the hope of hereafter exchanging it for an infinitely better. My soul, unstained by the crimes unjustly imputed to me, most sincerely forgives the malicious authors of those imputations, anticipates the future pleasure of an open acquittal, and in that expectation loses the pain of present undeserved censure. By this is meant the instance that was made the supposed foundation for the last of innumerable injuries received through him from whom I am con-

scious of having deserved the kindest treatment. Other faults, no doubt, I might have many; to him had very few; nay, for several years, cannot, upon reflection, accuse myself of any thing, but too absolute, too unreserved an obedience to every injunction, even where they were plainly contrary to the dictates of my own reason.—How wrong such a compliance, was clearly evinced by many instances of it having been since most ungenerously and most ungratefully urged as circumstantial arguments against myself.

It must indeed be owned, that for the two or three last years, tired with a long series of repeated insults of a nature almost beyond the power of imagination to conceive, my temper became soured; a constant fruitless endeavour to oblige, was changed into an absolute indifference about it; and ill-humour, occasioned by frequent disappointments (a consequence I have experimentally warned you against) was, perhaps, sometimes too much indulged. How far the unequalled provocations may be allowed as an excuse for this, Heaven only must determine, whose goodness has thought fit to release me from the painful situation, though by a method, at present, not the most eligible, as it is the cause of a
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separation from my children also, and thereby has put it out of my power to attend, in the manner I could have wished, to their education ; a duty that inclination would have led me, with equal care and pleasure, more amply to fulfil, had they continued under my jurisdiction.—But as Providence has thought fit otherwise to determine, contented I submit to every dispensation ; convinced, that all things are ordered for the best, and will, in the end, work together for good to them that fear God, and sincerely endeavour to keep his commandments. If in these I err, I am certain it is owing to a mistake in the judgment, not a defect of the will.

THUS have I endeavoured, my dear girl, in some measure, to compensate both to you and your sisters, the deprivation of a constant maternal care, by advising you, according to my best ability, in the most material parts of your conduct thro' life, as particularly as the compass of a letter would allow. May these few instructions be as serviceable to you, as my wishes would make them ! and may that almighty Being, to whom my daily prayers ascend for your preservation, grant you his heavenly benediction, keep you from all moral evil, lead you into the paths of righteousness and
peace ;

peace ; and give us all an happy meeting in those regions of an unalterable felicity, *prepared for those who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and immortality.*

SHOULD any of you, when at liberty to follow your own inclinations, chuse to write to me, a direction to be left at Mr Clutterbuck's attorney at law, at the Bath, will always safely convey a letter to my hand.

So many have been the instances of falsehood and deceit I have met with, where they were least expected, that it may justify a precaution against my name being hereafter made use of, without my knowledge ; especially as my promise of a future letter may lay a foundation for such an attempt. That future letter must contain the relation of many events, which, for the sake of the person concerned in them, I could wish (my heart being really void of all angry resentment) there was no necessity of making public. If therefore I can find a certain means of conveying the narrative to your brothers, sisters, and yourself, only, when you are all arrived at a proper age to receive and understand it, that method will be preferred ; if not, I must again have recourse to this channel. Should I,

I, before that intended period, be removed from this state of existence; so necessary does it appear to me to undeceive the minds of my children, and justify to them, who are so nearly concerned, my injured character; that the manuscript is deposited in the hands of a friend, on whom I can safely depend for the publication, at the time prefixed; and who has also some original letters, together with an order from me, which will be satisfactory vouchers of its being wrote by myself. This precaution will effectually secure you from the possibility of being imposed upon, by any pretended posthumous letter of mine; and, whilst I live, I shall write my name to whatever is by me addressed to any of you.

DEPEND upon it, therefore, my dear, most certainly, that I am not the author of any epistle which bears not the manual sign of

Your affectionate mother,

S. PENNINGTON.

A LADY'S RELIGION.

In two LETTERS to the Right Hon. my
Lady HOWARD.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

The PUBLISHER to the READER.

THE letter of religion which is here reprinted, having taken a course into the world, by being translated into several modern languages, I found that a very particular critical observation upon it was annexed to the French translation. This letter of remarks was written, as is commonly believed, by a very learned and judicious foreigner, well known in England for his great skill in critical learning. I have published a translation thereof before this impression; omitting what he wrote concerning his friend's translation of the letter into French; well hoping, that the impartial judgment of so able a critic may delight the reader, and recommend the book.

The

The PREFACE to the FRENCH TRANSLATION.

— I DO not know whether this small treatise will meet in the world with more critics or admirers ; but whatsoever happens, as I have told you already, so I tell you again, that in my judgment it is an excellent book. Should any one convince me of the contrary, I shall readily renounce the opinion I have of it. But as I am as yet persuaded that this small treatise contains nothing but what is every way conformable to reason, and the doctrine which Jesus Christ came to preach upon the earth ; so I am ready to declare as much to any one who shall ask my opinion herein. I am always used to do so in what relates to any important truth ; being of opinion, that a man cannot be silent on such an occasion without betraying his conscience.

IF I am not mistaken, the design of our author was to make appear, that the Christian religion ought to be levelled and accommodated to the reach of the meanest capacity ; and that by consequence it ought not to be confounded with those subtle and abstruse questions with which divines make so great a noise, and upon which they have
wrangled

wrangled for so many ages. This, I say, is the design which the author of this work proposed to himself; and in which (it seems to me) he has very happily succeeded; in giving us a true and faithful description of religion, such as Jesus Christ taught mankind; full of wisdom, easy to be explained, and every way adapted to the capacity of the illiterate, of women, and of the meanest sort of people, that is to say, of the greatest part of mankind.

SUPPOSING, then, that religion is for the use of the vulgar and unlearned, which no one, I believe, will be so bold as to deny; I do not see what can reasonably be objected against the design of our author, or his manner of performance. The description he gives us of religion represents it to be of easy examination, and extremely clear and plain. Now, is it not requisite that it should have these qualifications to be within the reach of the greatest part of men? who being necessarily obliged, as our author observes, to provide for their own and families necessities, to perform the common duties of life, cannot apply themselves to the examination of a religion that should be hard to be understood, or requiring a long examination.

SHALL we object, that our author has
forgot

forgot several famous controversies in divinity? But if these controversies make any part of religion, we must then retract what we but now supposed, *viz.* that the Christian religion ought to be for the use of the simple and illiterate, as well as for the learned. We must then say, that religion was then given to men only to exercise their wit, or to improve their talent in disputing with one another; whereas, if we may believe St Paul, God revealed it to us, to teach us to put away our ill-habits, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

I SEE plainly, that to judge of religion by the idea which the apostle gives us thereof in that place, it is admirably calculated for the use of all those persons who are incapable of a long application of mind, and who have neither penetration nor leisure enough to give up themselves to the study of curious and subtle inquiries, not easily to be resolved.

BUT I cannot comprehend how the same judgment can be made of the controversies which have reigned among divines for so long a time; they are so very abstruse, that, even among those who make it their study to explain them to others, there are but few who perfectly comprehend what they

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turn upon. Yet it is not sufficient to know well the knotty part of the question, unless we can give the true solution of it. But can any thing be more difficult than positively and absolutely to determine a matter among so great a number of different opinions? No sooner hath a divine passed his judgment upon one of these controversies, but he is immediately opposed by other divines who give quite another determination: upon which others arise, who make up a third party; followed by a fourth; which, being contrary to all three, is again attacked by fresh combatants. Now, if religion should consist of such controversies as these, what will become of the poor illiterate laity, who are not able to understand even the very words or terms made use of in these disputes? Must poor country-people adhere to their curate's or minister's determination blindly, and without comprehending it?

But supposing that we could understand our divines determinations (of which experience shews us the contrary), is that sufficient to give us a right to approve of them? No, certainly; for we must also understand the reasons of their adversaries: and then having compared the strength of their arguments with that of our divines, we are

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to embrace and adhere only to that opinion which shall appear most agreeable to reason. People may cavil as much as they please ; but, after all, this is a matter which, according to the laws of justice and equity, cannot be dispensed with. You and I know very well such and such a minister, who preaches every day against certain heretics ; yet hath never seen so much as the covers of their books, nor known their titles : pray ye, tell me how can we in good conscience determine ourselves upon what such divines shall lay to the charge of their pretended heretics ? Should we approve of a Mahometan who would believe all that a faquir, who had never read the gospel, should deliver in a mosque against the Christian religion ? The case is exactly parallel.

You will perhaps reply, that a preacher of controversy does not only establish his own opinion, but at the same time he confutes that of his adversaries ; and though he has not read their books, yet he has seen passages taken from them in the books of some learned professor of his own party. But, Sir, who will assure you that this preacher, or professor, has given a true and impartial account of the opinions which they refute ? How will you know that they do not disguise or suppress some of the best

and strongest of their adversaries arguments? We see daily, that a story, in which nobody has any interest, is changed and falsified as it passes thro' different mouths. With how much greater reason ought we to fear and suspect, that a man who undertakes to refute another in the presence of a numerous assembly, will, either willingly or otherwise, weaken, as much as possible, his adversary's reasons, the more easily to destroy them, and thereby to secure to himself the honour of a triumph? Therefore it would be an act of great temerity, to condemn those whom the chiefs of any party are pleased to style heretics without reading them.

BESIDES, though our divines and preachers should have given us a faithful account of their arguments, we cannot condemn them upon such a report without being guilty of the greatest partiality; for a judge that should condemn a man upon the bare report of his adversary, without ever hearing what he could say in his own defence, is an unjust judge, though in reality his sentence be according to justice. An heathen poet hath long since told us, that

*Qui statuit aliquid parte inaudita altera,
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus fuerit.*

IF the heathens have known, by the sole light of nature, that nobody ought to be condemned without having been heard, how can we dispense with ourselves for not observing that rule which Jesus Christ himself hath taught us in these exprefs terms, *Judge not, that ye be not judged?*

It may poffibly be replied by fome good perfons, that precautions are by no means fo neceffary in the church as in the civil ftate, becaufe divines have fuch tender confciences as not to difguife or weaken the ftrength and fenfe of their adverfaries reafons. But alas! they know little of the world, who talk after this manner. We need but hear divines themfelves, in order to be convinced that it is not fafe at all to depend upon their fidelity.

FOR without running back into the hiftory of the firft ages, when the bifhops, true court-weathercocks, turned about with every little wind, to conform themfelves to the pleafure of the prince; I fay, without running back fo far, do we not every day hear the divines complaining of their adverfaries unfaithfulnefs, reproaching one another for being made to fpeak againft their own minds, for horrible opinions, for odious and deteftable confequences imputed to them, fuch as they never once dreamed

of? Nor are these reproaches to be found only among divines of different communions; but even they of the same party, whenever divided about the explication of some particular text or doctrine, do the same thing. One may see them, in such a case, falling upon one another with greater rage and fury, than if they were writing against the professed enemies of their society. We hear of nothing but false imputations, imperfect quotations, and malignant reflections. And if we believe the reciprocal complaints of each party, we shall find reason to conclude, that

One's in the right, and
T'other is not wrong.

FURTHERMORE, divines who meet together to examine those scandalous quarrels of their brethren, and put an end to the dispute by a definitive decree or sentence; divines, I say, so assembled, wrest and disguise the sentiments of one of the parties, and make them speak another sense than what was really theirs. The late difference between Monsieur Saurin and Monsieur Jurieu will here present itself to my memory whether I will or not. I leave it to you to make the application. One needs only to read the prefaces of these two famous antagonists, to be fully con-

convinced, that he would do himself an injury to place a blind and implicit dependence on the truth and fidelity of divines, whether apart or in convocation, and this according to their own confession.

THE conclusion from what has been said is this, that religion does not consist in those subtle and abstruse questions about which divines have been divided in their opinions for so many ages, since the common people do not understand them, and are in an absolute incapacity ever to do so. For does not Jesus Christ expressly declare, that he came to preach the gospel to the poor? From whence it necessarily follows, that his doctrine ought to be proportionate to their capacities; and such it is in effect, as any one may see plainly, by reading over the gospel; as the author of this book hath in few words clearly made out.

WE may conclude also from hence, that we ought to take care, that we make not ourselves a party with divines, by siding in their passionate contests, since it is not in our power perfectly to know the differences between them: there being no danger in a man's forbearing to give his judgment upon those matters, which he does not understand; but we cannot lawfully condemn both the opinions of a man, and the man him-

himself, (for in true divinity these two go all together), without just and cogent reasons moving us so to do. This is visibly exposing ourselves to the same punishments which we judge to be due to them whom we condemn so rashly; that is, if we damn a man for holding such or such opinions, which we ourselves by our own study and diligence could not be thoroughly acquainted with, have we not reason to fear lest we also should incur the same damnation for passing so rash and hasty a judgment? The declaration which Jesus Christ hath made us in this case cannot be more express than it is. *Judge not*, (saith that divine preacher), *that you be not judged: for with what judgment you judge, you shall be judged; and with what measure you mete, it shall be meted to you again*, Matth. vii. 1, 2.

To be able to pronounce decisively upon the disputes of divines, one must plunge himself over head in reading a great many large volumes, full of barbarous and unintelligible terms, and also of intricate and endless questions. But our profession does not allow us so to play away our time: let us not then concern ourselves in judging of such controversies, but rather leave to the divines the sorry comfort of disputing eternally and bitterly against those who
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contradict them. I am in doubt whether they will save themselves by those means : but this I am sure of, that we should run the risk of losing ourselves, if we should second them in their passionate contests ; not knowing why or for what cause we do so. It is sufficient for us to satisfy ourselves with the knowledge of God's will, as it is clearly revealed to us in the gospel. Let us endeavour all we can to put it in practice : let us love one another, and do unto others as we would they should do unto us : let us live without envying, being contented with that state of life which God has been pleased to call us to : and let us labour in earnest to correct in ourselves what we find amiss, and to make continual improvements in virtue ; and by this means, when this life is ended, to secure to ourselves the possession of an eternal happiness. This is properly our business ; and it is no small work if we acquit ourselves therein as we ought to do.

HAVING thus freely given you my thoughts concerning divines and their disputes, I perceive that I have spoken in too general a manner. We must give every one his due. It is not true that all divines are equally infatuated with theological controversies. There are some who say
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with St James, that *pure religion, and undefiled before God, is to visit the fatherless and the widows, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.* Such is the author of the Lady's Religion; for he is a divine of the church of England. You know it no otherwise than by the title, which oftentimes is deceitful: but I was informed so by a learned English gentleman, who writ to me from London, and assured me of it as of a known and unquestionable truth.

GIVE me leave to add one word more upon the occasion of writing this book. You must know, that the author being consulted by the Lady Howard, upon the manner of preparing one's self for the holy communion, took occasion from thence to draw this excellent portraiture of the Christian religion, to the end that he might shew what are the duties which its profession obliges us to at all times, both before, at, and after, our preparing for that holy ceremony. Do you not admire this answer? For my part, I am of opinion, that our author could not have given a more excellent proof of his solid judgment, and the knowledge he hath of the true nature and genius of religion. The most part of men reduce religion to some particular acts of devotion, practised at certain set times; but they are grossly

grossly mistaken. Religion does not consist in certain formalities, depending on certain times and places ; but in a constant habit of watching over our conduct, of conquering our passions, and studying incessantly to grow more and more virtuous. This is what your author has happily made good, and wherein he has given us such excellent directions, which, if seriously applied to and practised, will be of great use and service in the reformation of manners. This, in my judgment, is one of the best performances in his treatise.

A LADY'S RELIGION.

L E T T E R I.

MADAM,

SINCE God has been pleased to incline your heart to an early and serious inquiry after religion, so that you are sincerely desirous to know the will of God in order to do it, I heartily wish you had laid your commands upon one more able to assist you than I am ; who, being bred up in an age of speculation and controversy, have addicted myself to the study of divinity, more perhaps than to the practice

tice of religion ; and have been (I pray GOD forgive me) more desirous to furnish my head with notions, than my heart with good inclinations. I thought myself, by my profession, chiefly engaged in a study how to defend the church by law established against all dissenters, rather than to promote the common cause of serious piety ; and whilst, by the strange unaccountable genius of this age, I have been led aside to mix the study of politics with that of religion, I have been busily assisting the office of a minister of state, rather than doing the good work of a minister of Jesus Christ.

Now although it has pleased GOD to make me in some measure sensible of those by-paths, in which I have sometimes walked, to the hindrance of that duty unto which I ought entirely to have devoted myself ; yet I am apt to fear lest those prejudices and undue prepossessions of mind may still remain within me, by which I shall be prevented from giving your ladyship such an idea of religion as is short, plain, and pure, free from superstitious appendages, and separate from every by-interest.

BUT without doubt, such as this is the true spirit of the Christian religion ; every line whereof directly tends to make us easy within ourselves, kind and comfortable to one

appears in all his works. Thus the frame of visible nature being agreeably set together, and having each part of it suited to useful and proper ends, demonstrates itself to be the work of divine wisdom: in like manner, the whole plan of pure religion, having also its parts suitable to each other, and every one of them agreeably set to the same good and great design of the whole, does thereby prove itself to be the contrivance of an all-wise God.

AND hereby the wisdom of the Christian religion will particularly appear, because every part of it tends to promote the universal good of mankind; for which reason, the divine Founder thereof was named Jesus, that is, *Saviour*, because his only design was to save us from the prevailing power of sin, and from those miseries in which that evil power would involve us.

THUS, temperance promotes our health; justice in our dealing prevents us from sustaining the revenges of the injured, and gains us trust among men, with all the benefits which arise from thence. Charity, by promoting the common good of others, draws back their love and affection to ourselves; while patience preserves quiet within our own breasts; and self-denial, by restraining our extravagant appetites, estab-

blishes the just power of reason over us; thereby fitting us for all the conditions of life: and thus the law of Christ answers to the character of wisdom, by its agreeableness to the best design of God in the chiefest good of man; and upon this account Solomon characterized the idea of religion under the name of wisdom.

BESIDE these moral duties, there are several threats of God's judgments, and promises of his favour, contained in Christ's institution: the former were wisely designed to restrain us from immoralities, which are our greatest follies; and the latter, to engage us in the practice of virtue, which is our greatest wisdom: the threatenings prepare the way for the promises, and qualify us to receive them; inasmuch as they shake off our affections from ill objects, in order for the promises to fix them upon good ones. We must needs cease to do evil, before we can learn to do well.

Now, although a due consideration of the divine nature will carry us on to the belief of a future state, in which He, who is in perfection the best of all beings, will distinguish the good from the bad by ample rewards and just punishments; yet, because every one's capacity may not be sufficient to make this wise reflection, therefore Jesus

Jesus Christ was pleased (as the gospel phrases it) to bring life and immortality to light; *i. e.* to give the world full assurance of a future state, in which the just God will distinguish men hereafter, in such a manner as they shall distinguish themselves here: and it is the wisdom of every one to preserve this belief in his heart, and bear it always about him, because it is the most awful monitor against our committing folly, and yields the strongest encouragement to virtue.

FROM what has been said, your Ladyship sees, first, what is meant by saving a soul, *viz.* to deliver it from vitious habits, and fearful punishments, the fatal consequents of such habits; and by establishing virtue therein, to recommend it to the favour of God: and, secondly, that the gospel of Christ was designed to this very end; and its tendency hereunto is its wisdom. And, thirdly, from hence you also perceive in what respect faith in Jesus Christ is said to save us, *viz.* because this faith is our receiving the Christian morals for the rule of our lives, and the threats and promises contained in the gospel for the outward motives of our practice according to that rule.

AND from these three considerations, summed up together, you may examine

all the various pretences which differing churches and communions make to the purity of Christian faith, so as to form a right judgment of them: for that communion which manifests itself to have no other design, than to assist its members in saving their souls from the power of sin, by the morals and motives aforementioned, is certainly the purest church; and that faith which has no other tendency, is the purest faith. So that if you form yourself upon this principle, you may pass by all nice speculations, or profound mysteries, which have no direct tendency to improve your morals, without any hazard of salvation.

SECONDLY, As the Christian institution is wisely practical, so it is plain; or, in other words, we may say, that as the wisdom of the Christian religion appears, first, by its being practical, so it appears, secondly, by being plain. The obscure answers which were given out from the old heathen oracles, are now known to have proceeded from the indirectness of a designing priesthood; who, to maintain their pretence of foretelling what shall come to pass, sent back all those who came to inquire after future events, with doubtful and uncertain answers. And it has been the observation of wise men, that when any one affects to be

be dark and mysterious in his conversation, either he has some indirect design in so doing; or else, whilst he makes an ostentation of wisdom, he does in reality but discover his folly.

Now, the wisdom of God cannot be conceived to aim at any other design in communicating itself to us, than the information of our minds in the nature of good and evil, and in this order to direct our choice; and all instruction must of necessity be plain, since it is by things easy and familiar, such as at first sight we may apprehend, whereby we can be led on to the knowledge of matters more remote and difficult: but obscure and unintelligible doctrines can have no effect upon us beside unprofitable amusement; and whatsoever is by the wisdom of God laid out of our reach, can be no part of our concern.

FARTHER, to what end did he give us intellectual faculties? Surely not to amuse, but to improve us, by enabling us thoroughly to understand each part of our holy religion, which directly tends to that end, *viz.* our moral improvement: as you will soon perceive, if you reduce the Christian institution to its general heads; which are these:

FIRST, A narration of matters of fact.

SECONDLY, A declaration of moral laws.

THIRDLY, A revelation of such motives as are proper to inforce this law upon our minds. And,

FOURTHLY, Serious exhortations to refresh our memories with our duty, and earnestly to recommend it to our practice.

FIRST, Your Ladyship sees, that the matters of fact contained in the four gospels, and the acts of the apostles, (*viz.* the travels and transactions of Christ and his disciples), are so plainly related, that you understand the relation as easily as you read it. And, secondly, all laws must be plain, because they are directions. Now, obscure directions are but delusions; and laws which are dubious and difficult to be understood, are traps and snares. And, thirdly, it is as necessary that motives should be very intelligible, because their design is to work strongly upon our wills, by convincing our understandings. Add to this, fourthly, that mystical and unintelligible exhortations are ridiculous, upon which account St Paul forbade religious exercises to be performed in an unknown tongue.

Now, as the four gospels and acts of the apostles contain the matters of fact, laws, and motives; so the epistles contain exhortations

tations to seriousness and piety, arising from the laws, facts, and motives before mentioned: and I take these books to be sufficiently comprehensive of the institutions and ordinances of Jesus Christ; which ought indeed to easily intelligible, because they concern the poor, weak, and unlettered people, as much as the learned.

NOR can I see that the doctrine of Christ was, by him, or his apostles, delivered first of all into the hands of the learned, to be by them conveyed into the minds of the ignorant: but, on the contrary, it is manifest, that our Saviour directed both his discourses and actions immediately to the common people, as well as to the scribes; and in like manner did his disciples address their preachings and writings.

FROM all this discourse, concerning the clearness of Christ's institution, you may spare yourself the needless trouble of reading abstruse and mysterious points of divinity. Nor need you suffer yourself to be amused with the pretended deep speculations of profound men, when you have the plain directions of a wise and a good God before you, in following whereof you shall meet with great reward.

THIRDLY, The Christian institution is short. True and genuine religion has always

ways been summed up, and gathered together, into a narrow compass, by those who best understood it. Thus Micah (vi. 8.) speaking of God, saith, *He hath shewn thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?* And our Saviour sums up the whole law, in our love to God and our neighbour; and, in another place, includes the whole scope of the law and the prophets in this one rule, *Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them*; hereby directing us to make a right use of that reason which God establishe^d as his oracle in our breasts; to which we may at all times resort, and from whence we may be resolved in such cases as concern our duty to one another.

FOR, as by consulting your own reason, you know wherein you are justly dealt with, and wherein you receive wrong; when you are kindly used, and when otherwise; so, from the same principle of reason, you cannot but know when you deal justly or wrongfully, and when you do kind or ill offices, to another. This one short comprehensive rule taking for its foundation the equality of mankind, in respect of their common nature, renders religion itself a
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matter sensible unto us.

FOR I can feel the wound of a sharp slanderous tongue as sensibly as that of a sword; I can feel the wrongs done to myself and family; and am as much sensible of the benefits I enjoy from the just and kind dealings of those with whom I am concerned; and hereby I am in the shortest and plainest way admonished of my behaviour to others; and if this one short rule were reduced to practice, the state of paradise would be restored, and we should enjoy a heaven upon earth.

FOR hereby, first, all persecutions for conscience' sake, which have occasioned such violent disorders, and vast effusion of blood, would be at an end; because every one who has any conscience, would most willingly preserve it free from the impositions of men in the worship of God. To compel men by fire and faggot to partake even of a delicious entertainment, is a savage sort of hospitality.

SECONDLY, All factions in any state would be at an end, if every member thereof were contented, that every one of his fellow-members, who was not an enemy to the government, might, having equal pretence of merit, enjoy equal privileges with himself.

THIRDLY,

THIRDLY, The occasions of war and law-suits would be taken away; since nothing but manifest wrong can be the just cause of either.

AND, fourthly, there would be no private quarrels and uneasiness among neighbours; since by this rule of doing as we would be done unto, all rash censures, sharp reflections, and ungrounded suspicions and jealousies which are the seeds of private animosities, are taken away. And hereby we may expect a plentiful store of God's blessings among us, who will measure out his kindness to us in the same manner as we measure out ours to one another.

THE reason why religion should be both a short and plain institution, will appear if you consider the common circumstances and conditions of men in this world. For though your Ladyship and many more have leisure enough to read and digest whole volumes of useful knowledge (if there are any such); yet the greatest part of mankind being necessarily employed in making daily provisions for themselves and families, and discharging the common offices of life, cannot attend to any religious institution which is either difficult or tedious.

It is certain, that the whole life of man

is not sufficient for him to read all the controversies which have been written upon pretence of religion; but it is as certain that God never lays on us a greater task than what he affords us both abilities and opportunities to perform: wherefore we may conclude, that since the duties of religion are laid in common upon all, the poor day-labourer must have ability and opportunity sufficient to instruct himself therein, without hindering the constant work of his calling. And in all this the wisdom and goodness of God are made known, by adapting our duties to our circumstances of life.

FROM hence you may save yourself the trouble of reading the long and tedious disputes, which with such intemperate zeal are always in agitation among the several parties of Christians. Indeed the true Christian institution being short, it cannot admit of being spun out into long controversies: and though I have read many books of controversial divinity, I do not remember that I have met with any one controversy about the matter of mere religion; as whether I should maintain in my heart a high reverence and veneration for Almighty God? whether I ought to walk before him in sincerity and uprightness? whether or
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no I should be thankful to him for all the benefits which I have received from him? whether I shall submit to his will with patience, and endeavour to govern my passions to bring them to a due moderation and temper, by making them subject to the law of reason? whether I should be true to my promise, just in my dealings, charitable to the poor, and sincere in my devotions? whether I should be temperate and sober, modest and chaste, and demean myself in an humble, civil, and agreeable manner towards those with whom I converse? whether I should be heartily sorry when I come short of my duty, and should be watchful in the denial of my irregular appetites, passions, and evil inclinations for the future? In short, it has not (that I know of) been disputed whether justice, benignity, meekness, charity, moderation, patience, and sobriety, should be received into our affections? or whether we should love God and our neighbour? Orthodoxy of faith is made the pretence of controversy, but the one thing necessary is orthodoxy of practice.

I know your Ladyship will not be pleased with a discourse upon the subject of religion, unless devotion have its due place in it; nor ought it indeed to be left out, because
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cause thankfulness is a necessary part of religion, and prayer is the preservative of the whole. A frequent repetition of our thanks for all the benefits we enjoy, preserves in our minds the consideration of God, as the greatest and best of beings; and thereby nourishes veneration and gratitude. In like manner, prayer for pardon of sin, and preservation of our persons, is a constant recognition of the mercy and bounty of God. But prayer against the power of sin, is the actual withdrawing of our inclinations from evil; and prayer for any grace is an actual application of our minds, to attain the particular virtue for which we pray.

Now, although I would not advise you against set hours and forms of devotion, either private or public; yet I would rather recommend a sort of habitual and occasional devotion, as very proper to preserve the strongest impressions of religion upon your mind.

It may be observed, that many who are very punctual in keeping to their exact times and forms of devotion, have fallen short of any visible improvement in virtue. The same pride, forwardness, falsehood, covetousness, and bitterness of spirit, have appeared in many who have been con-

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stant frequenters of the public, as well as closet forms of prayer; as if God had not been in all their thoughts. The reason whereof seems to be, because their formal petitions supersede their habitual endeavours. Men are apt to think that since they spend in every day such a portion of time in prayer, they have done all their part: and so they leave God Almighty to take care of the event. And this is indeed all we can do when we make our petitions to our benefactors upon earth, viz. offer up our requests to them, either by word or writing, and then only expect their answer.

BUT it is otherwise with relation to GOD. Our petitions to him must not take off from our constant endeavours to perform that work for which we pray his enablement. And this occasional devotion, which I would recommend, is in its own nature a constant endeavour after virtue, as well as a serious petition for it. For it ariseth from a frequent observation of ourselves in our particular occurring circumstances; from which observation suitable desires will almost necessarily flow. As if at any time I find that I have done an ill thing, immediately upon the discovery, I beg God's pardon, and resolve to make recompense
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for the ill I have done. Or if I have designed any evil in my heart, and presently beg pardon of him who knoweth the secrets thereof; in so doing I have given check to its progress. In like manner, if I have spoken slanderously, rashly, or injuriously, concerning any one; and, upon recollection thereof, I ask forgiveness of God, and desire that I may not do the like for the future; but, on the contrary, that I may govern my tongue better; in all this I am labouring to withdraw my soul from evil, and to form myself upon a principle of virtue.

EVERY night and morning are proper times of leisure, to call to mind the preservation, support, and advantages, we have received the day or night preceding. And this recollection being accompanied with thankfulness to our great preserver, is the actual continuance and carrying on of our gratitude to God. If I perceive pride or passion to arise in my heart, so that I am apt to put a great value upon every thing I do, and despise others; or if I find myself eagerly concerned for any little worldly advantage, or any small punctilio of honour, and hereupon I beg of God for an humble spirit, and a heavenly mind; I am herein endeavouring to expel the poison of sin by

its proper antidote.

WE cannot but feel the disorders of our minds, as much as the diseases of our bodies. And the causes of a disordered mind are much more easily discerned, than the causes of a bodily distemper. For either my mind is troubled for want, or losses, or it may be for the prosperity of others, or want of a revenge, or because I cannot have my will in what I designed. Upon these or such like occasions, the proper cure is devotional, in begging God's pardon for my discontent; and being desirous that my will should be submitted to his who has taught me that I should not return evil for evil, but that I should love my neighbour as myself. This sort of soliloquy, and occasional mental address to God, is a sure way to compose the disorders of our thoughts. For the growing power of any sin, is most certainly suppressed by introducing the opposite virtue into our desires.

THE same method may be used as to sins of omission. A serious person will observe neglects of common duties, which respect either God or man. He cannot but take notice how much he has neglected his business, or his health; how little he has considered God as his owner, governor, and benefactor; and how small a portion of
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what God has blessed him with, he has laid out upon the good of his fellow-creatures. And if hereupon a man is seriously desirous to become more dutiful to God, more useful to himself, and beneficial to others, he is therein actually bending his mind to supply his former omissions.

This casual devotion, arising from the observation of ourselves, under the common circumstances of life (although it can have no set times and forms prescribed to it) will be very effectual to produce, preserve, and increase a true sense of religion within us. And if you are pleased to apply your thoughts hereunto, as occasion shall direct you, this devotion will soon become habitual, customary, and easy. And its returns, which will be frequent and short, will be a continual restraint from evil-doing, and an actual exercise of virtue.

THIS exercise which I have been prescribing, is commonly reserved to be performed all at once, in an actual preparation before receiving the sacrament of the LORD'S SUPPER; which is usually performed by help of an artificial catalogue of sins methodically collected out of the ten commandments; according to which catalogue, set forms of confessions are drawn up, which the preparant is to take upon

content; and without any sort of judgment or discretion of his own, he confesses himself guilty of all the sins therein mentioned together, with all their aggravations, tho', it may be, many of them were of such a heinous nature, as never entered into his heart to commit. And if these catalogues and confessional forms are read over once a quarter of a year, or it may be, once a month, against the usual sacrament-day, the work of preparation is thought to be well passed over.

YET I cannot but think it better to keep a constant customary watch over ourselves, and upon the first discovery of any evil design or action, immediately to retract it within our own hearts, as in the presence of God, and by mental prayer, proper to the occasion, arm ourselves against committing the like for the future. Hereby you discharge a duty in its proper season, which is better than to delay it to a prefixed distance of time: for what is most fresh in memory, will make the most lively impression upon us; but may in a little time be forgotten. Besides, we are apt to turn forms into formalities; and a natural discharge of religious duties must be more improving than an artificial one.

AND by this your Ladyship sees the reason
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son why I have written a discourse of religion in general, in answer to your letter, wherein you wrote only concerning the Lord's supper, *viz.* because I esteem a serious well inclined temper of mind to be the best preparation, either for that, or any other of the ordinances of Jesus Christ, that we may partake of them with advantage and delight.

DAVID advises us to delight ourselves in the Lord, *i. e.* in all his ways and ordinances. And I cannot see why our preparation for the Lord's table, and participation at it, should be accompanied with greater anxieties of mind than our communicating in any other holy office; such as public prayer or preaching. We expect the same blessing of God in the improvement of our virtues from all of these ordinances alike. And why with terror upon our minds we should use any of those means which God has ordained for our good, I do not understand. A man indeed ought to perform every religious office seriously and soberly; but fear, by amusing and distracting the mind, is apt to render the ordinance unprofitable.

MEN ought likewise to be discouraged from coming to prayer, preaching, or communicating at the Lord's table, with a careless,

less, or profane temper of mind: because such unpreparedness does harden mens hearts, and renders the ordinance unprofitable. Such as this was the case of the Corinthians, who, in celebrating the Lord's supper, were so inconsiderate of what they came to do, that some of them were drunk at the Lord's table, as you read 1 Cor. xi. 21. and to this their profane behaviour, those texts of scripture do particularly relate, which affright some men from, and others in, receiving the sacrament: on this account it was said, by St Paul, that they were *guilty of the body and blood of Christ, and did eat and drink damnation to themselves, not discerning the Lord's body*; ver. 27, 29. *i. e.* by such a profane and unworthy communicating, they call down God's judgments upon themselves; for so the word *damnation* ought to be understood, because it refers to the judgments specified in the following verse, where it is said, that *for this cause* (*viz. of drunken communicating*) *many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep, i. e. die*, ver. 30. Now, to avoid these judgments, he exhorts them to examine themselves, *i. e.* to consider with themselves what was the meaning of that duty which they were to perform at the Lord's table; which duty was this, *viz. to call to mind*
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the death of Jesus Christ. And this commemoration is by St Paul styled *discerning the Lord's body.*

THE visible signs of our Saviour's death, which we discern on the Lord's table, do prepare our minds to contemplate a divine person, who, for his great charity to the stupid world, suffered the highest injustice, with such an invincible patience, and heroic fortitude, as was superior to the sharpest malice of his enemies; thereby setting before us the brightest example of an unshaken resolution, to do good in spite of all discouragements.

You will perceive, Madam, by this discourse, that the Christian religion is a wise, a plain, and a short institution: the belief whereof was designed to save our souls from the power and danger of sin, by ingrafting virtuous habits in our minds. You will likewise perceive, that I hold it necessary to keep a constant watch over ourselves, to repent as often as we perceive ourselves to transgress, and, by occasional mental devotion, incline our hearts to observe the law of Christ; and all this in order to build up a habit of virtue within us. You will also perceive, that the contemplation of the death of Christ, with all its circumstances, tends to the same admirable end.

AND

AND if these or any other means shall work upon you to be generously just, to bear a good will to all men, to do what good you can, and to be unconcerned for the events of things which are not within your power; you will be easy within yourself, and satisfied in your own conscience, which is the dawn of heaven upon earth; and you may cheerfully communicate at any time.

L E T T E R II.

MADAM,

HAVING lately been in conversation with a lady of your acquaintance, she took occasion to speak concerning the letter I wrote to your Ladyship; which was published a few years since, under the title of A LADY'S RELIGION. She was pleased to favour me so far as to say, that the letter did contain a good moral doctrine: but she thought it a blameable omission in me, to pass over in silence those many doctrines of the Christian faith, which she thought of absolute necessity to our salvation. To this objection I replied, That my design in writing the letter of religion to your Ladyship,

ship, was only to recommend the moral law of our Lord Jesus Christ, from its own intrinsic worth, which appears in those many and great advantages, which the serious practice thereof would certainly confer upon mankind: not intending thereby to diminish ought from the doctrine of the Christian faith, which is therefore worthy of all acceptation; because it is a means to enforce the gospel-moral upon our practice. Upon which account it is truly said to save our souls, since it promotes our ready obedience to the evangelical law of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And for this reason it was, that I advised your Ladyship, not to perplex your thoughts with those doctrines of faith which are of a mysterious nature; for that such doctrines which we cannot well understand, cannot well be applied either as motives or means to engage us in practical duties. This reply had the good fortune to give the lady some satisfaction as to this point; but presently she objected to me another omission, which she thought was of greater consequence than the former. For Solomon of old (said she) recommended the fear of God as a fundamental of religion. Our Saviour Christ too puts us in mind of the worm which never dies. And St Paul (if I mistake not) makes use

use of the terrors of the Lord to persuade men to righteousness. But you, (said she), in your letter to my worthy friend, have not only omitted this fundamental point, but in some measure discouraged her as to that part of religion which consists in fear, in saying, * *That fear, by amusing and distracting the mind, is apt to render God's ordinance unprofitable.*

ALL that I replied at that time was, That Solomon meant no more than only to say, that the fear (or dread) of God was introductory to religion: *The fear of God* (said he) *is the beginning of wisdom*, Prov. ix. 10. But he did not esteem the fear of that sort as any part of religion; for as much as every duty that is acceptable to God, must arise from our love to him, which is the only spring and fountain from whence all truly religious performances can flow; and which fails not to cast out all sort of fear, except that filial and legitimate kind which itself naturally produceth. And in this manner (said I) that great sage in Israel, Jesus the son of Sirach, explained himself hereupon in his book of Ecclesiasticus, chap. xxv. ver. 11, 12. *The love of the Lord passeth all things for illumination.* That is, true religion gives the best light and direction to

* See above, p. 119.

to human understanding. And then it follows, *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of his love.* That is, the fear of God will prepare us for that love of God, which by its illumination will direct and encourage us in the duties of religion.

To this quotation I added the reason of the thing, by appealing to her own judgment, whether she would not esteem a service done to her by her children, her relations, or even her servants, out of a principle of love, much better than such services which arise only from fear. Nay, I asked, if a real benefit which was done to her out of no good-will could be so much as thank-worthy.

BUT these replies gave her no satisfaction; because the book Ecclesiasticus was apocryphal; and because comparisons ought not to be alledged for proofs, but should be used only for illustration.

WHEREFORE she desired me to give her better satisfaction in the point of fear, as to what part it sustains in the affair of religion; which reasonable command laid on me by her, gave occasion to the following discourse, which I take the liberty to address to your Ladyship in this present letter: it being not grounded upon the authority of any apocryphal writer, but of St John the

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apostle of Jesus Christ; whose words are these, 1 John iv. 18. *There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment: he that feareth, is not made perfect in love.*

BUT since fear, as well as love, and all the other passions, is fixed originally in human nature, it may justly seem somewhat strange to your Ladyship, that any thing should be supposed capable of casting it out. For should fear, or any other passion, be ejected or erased from the soul, human nature would appear imperfect, for as much as every passion serves to a proper use and design in the frame of man. Thus fear gives a check to rash proceedings, and hope gives courage to attempt any good design though difficult to be accomplished. Hatred makes the soul to start at the appearance of evil; whilst love joins it to its truest interest, and produceth joy in the constant pursuit of what is good. Sadness discovers to us the vanity of insatiable desires, and unreasonable expectations. And anger stands like a bold centinel with sword in hand, to keep insolent behaviour at a distance. Surely these springs of motion which God hath placed in the soul, for the prosecuting of good ends, and avoiding evil, cannot be cast out. Or if any of them

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were excluded, some fear or imperfection in the human temper would be left behind.

INDEED, if any of them exceed their proper bounds, so that they become malignant, or at least burdensome to nature; we have reason to reduce them within their just limits. Or if one of them takes upon him to discharge the office which of right belongeth to another, (as a man may hate what he should love, and rejoice when he should weep), it ought to be cast out of that unnatural usurpation, and the proper affection ought to be restored to its rightful function, as in the case alledged by St John in that place upon which I ground my argument. If fear shall take upon itself to be the spring-head of all our reverence for Deity, and of our obedience to the divine will; in such a case, the soul ought to be rescued from the bondage of fear, and be subjected to the rightful sway of love; to which affection it owes its natural allegiance. For whensoever a soul is impregnate with a sincere love to GOD, it will not endure to be engaged in the performance of its duty by fear; but will cast off its yoke, and abhor its usurpation. And in this sense, Madam, I take it, that perfect love casteth out fear.

BUT since it is not in the power of love

totally to extinguish the passion of fear, but all it pretends to is only to confine it within its proper bounds, so that it may not intrude itself into the sphere of love; I shall from hence take occasion to set forth to your Ladyship, (1.) what fear of God is consistent with the love of God, and what is cast out thereby. (2.) What fear of man is consistent with divine love, and what is cast out by it. And (3.) what fear of hell is consistent therewith, and what is not.

1. As to the first of these particulars, it is evident, that whosoever supposeth God to be *an eternal Spirit, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom and goodness, the maker and preserver of all things*, (as our church in her first article describes him); and hereupon has formed himself upon a principle of high esteem and humble affection, as also of love and gratitude, to his great Owner, Governor, and Benefactor; cannot but be affected with a reverential awe, and fear of misbehaving himself in the presence of God. Such a one will fear the Lord of heaven and earth, walking humbly before him; and, through a watchful denial of himself, he will hold no confederacy with any known sin. Nor will he dare to do an unjust action, though ever so much to his advantage. And all this, because

because he fears to offend Him whom he loves and esteems as the fountain of all good.

ACCORDING to this notion, good men have been called the *children of God*, with respect to the dutiful behaviour of an obedient child to an indulgent father. For by how much such a one is sensible of the tender affection his parent bears to him, by how much more sensible he is that all his present enjoyments and hopes of future advantage are derived from the constant loving disposition of his parent, so much the more will he indulge within himself a constant fear of offending. But then this fear hath no torment; neither is it imposed upon the child, but is his own free choice, his joy, and satisfaction, and always increasing in proportion to the love he bears to his father.

BUT, on the contrary, Madam, fear which hath torment, such as St John speaketh of, will be cast out by a love to God. For when with delight we see that the world is constantly supported by the divine bounty, why should we suffer ourselves to be tormented with anxious cares and fears for food and raiment? which two things in conjunction are a sufficient fund of contentment, according to an universal rule of rea-

son laid down by St Paul, *Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content*, 1 Tim. vi. 8.

INCONSISTENT, therefore, with the love of GOD, is such a fear as is selfish, where the smart of punishment for sin is dreaded more than the displeasure of GOD. In the spirit of this slavish fear, Pharaoh made some faint resolutions to set an enthralled people at liberty; but as soon as the smart of GOD's rod was allayed, he recovered his former cruelty, and resolved to perpetuate their bondage. Thus a wolf or lion, under the immediate discipline of a severe keeper holding the rod of correction in his hand, may suffer a lamb to lie safely within his reach; but this abstinence from present rapine, changes not the nature of the beast. The one is not less a wolf, nor the other less a lion, than at other times.

BESIDES, Madam, there is this great inconsistency between the love of GOD, and such a slavish fear as has been now described, that he who loveth GOD, will take delight and high satisfaction in contemplation of the divine power, wisdom, and goodness: but he who serveth GOD out of a principle of slavish fear, which always compels him to act contrary to his inclination, can take no delight in the contemplation of
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GOD; but rather wisheth that there were no knowledge in the Most High to discern, or no power to punish. In this respect it is that the fool hath said in his heart, *There is no God*. The fool is a wicked man; the language of the heart is desire. So that the plain sense of that saying is, that an ill-inclined man wisheth that there were no GOD.

BUT if you will consider Deity as it was described by the philosophers of old, you will find the divine nature set forth in the most lively manner by Pythagoras, as he is cited by Justin Martyr in his exhortations to the Greeks, thus: " God is surely one, nor is he resident (as some imagine) without the structure of the universe, but is entire within himself; surveying all generations in a complete circle. He is the temperament of all ages, the agent of his own powers and works; the principle of all things individual; the light of the heavens, and the parent of all; the life and animation of every creature; the motion of all successions and alterations." I was saying, that if you should thus consider Deity as the vital spirit of the universe, you will find sufficient engagements to the love thereof, from every observation you will make upon nature.

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Upon this consideration of Deity it may be said, that *the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament shews his handy-work*, Psal. xix. 1. And what sort of affections can this declaration of heaven and earth raise in the temper of man besides esteem, complacency, and gratitude? which being put together, make up that composition of love which casteth out fear.

It is this contemplation of nature, Madam, it is this close observation of that subserviency which the inferior and smaller systems of natural beings pay to the greater and superior, which raises an high esteem for the wonderful Artificer, *by whom all things live, and move, and have their beings*; by whom every office of sensation is performed: so that we may *taste and see how good the Lord is*, Psal. xxxiv. 8.; and from thence conclude by sensible demonstration, that all delight is the creature of Deity, continually obliging us to a comfortable participation of divine bounty, and thereby to a constant return of praise and thanks.

AND if that small portion of experimental knowledge in the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, to which in this life we may attain, can raise us to such a sincere love of God as can expel all the torment

ment of fear, surely an eternal progressive knowledge of that inexhaustible subject may be esteemed an eternal fountain of delight.

BUT, at present, what umbrage can be given to fear from the contemplation of Deity? Can that divine wisdom by which all things are contrived for our use, or that divine power by which all things are supported for our constant satisfaction, suffer any one to give way to superstitious fears? As if Deity were austere and rigorous, easily provoked by some small, and perhaps unavoidable, mistakes of creatures; and as easily appeased with some slight formalities and external performances.

THIS false idea of Deity, Madam, cannot be gathered up from your observation of nature; but must arise from that narrow and froward temper, which the weaker sort of men too frequently feel within themselves. And although the wise Solomon built an house for the LORD, which was accepted of GOD, as all the Jewish rites were, through divine condescension; yet St Stephen speaking of that temple, makes this observation thereupon: *Howbeit, the Most High dwelleth not in temples; as saith the prophet, Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool: what house will ye build me, saith the Lord; or*
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what is the place of my rest? Hath not my hand made all these things? Acts vii. 48. In like manner, although, through the same condescension, God accepted the sacrifices of Israel, yet the prophets bare witness that he did not require or command those services. Indeed this appears in the very beginning of the Levitical book of Moses; where it is thus written: *And the Lord called to Moses out of the tabernacle of the congregation, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, If any man of you bring an offering unto the Lord, ye shall bring your offering of the cattle, even of the herd, and of the flock. If his offering be a burnt sacrifice of the herd, let him offer a male without blemish; he shall offer it of his own voluntary will, at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord,* Lev. i. 1. &c. So that sacrifices seem to be as much a human as a divine institution. And it may without any absurdity be supposed, that Cain and Abel, or any ancient inhabitants of the world, might appoint some certain day to join their stores together, to the intent that they and their families might *eat and drink to the glory of God*, as St Paul speaks, 1 Cor. x. 31. *i. e.* whilst they were partakers at a plentiful table, they might express their thanks to
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GOD, who furnished it out for them. It is possible also, that the original design of this thanksgiving-festival might in after-times be forgotten by posterity, who might yet retain the custom of sacrificing, upon a mistaken supposal that the solemn slaughter of their cattle was a thing well-pleasing to God; because it was (as to them it seemed) a religious observation of their forefathers. And from hence it might come, that sacrifices and offerings were once the catholic religion of the world. But for an unprejudiced person to conceive that the Deity should be pleased with the slaughter of hecatombs, is a supposition of a strange nature. And whence could it arise, but from the misleading of fear, which induced weak men to believe, that GOD, being angry with them for their sins, must have his anger appeased by the slaughter of beasts, that he may be prevailed upon to spare the lives of men?

Now, to give your Ladyship a general account, how this matter stood of old; as far as I can reach into antiquity, it appears that fear gave to mankind one moiety of their notion of GOD. For it was generally believed of old, that Deity was made up of two co-ordinate powers; the one for good, the other for evil; and it is a long time past,

past, since mens fancies found out names for the chimerical objects of their fears. So of old the Hebrews called these two co-ordinate principles by the names of *Gad* and *Meni*. The Egyptians called them *Osyris* and *Typhon*. In the Greek inscriptions upon funeral urns are frequently met the letters Theta and Kappa, the initial letters of Theois and Kakois, the unlucky gods. The Romans expressed the same things by Joves and Væjoves; hard names which I am obliged to trouble your Ladyship with. And the astrologers carry on the same notion to this day, under the style of favourable and malignant aspects. I cannot tell how long it is since the Persians received this opinion under the names of Oromasdes and Arimanius; but it may be computed how long it is since Manes Manichæus, a Persian by birth, and a Christian by profession, revived that ancient opinion of the Persians, which, by the Christians of that age, was called the Manichæan heresy; and was a belief of two co-ordinate supreme powers, the one good, the other evil. This heresy was first broached in the reign of Aurelian the Emperor, and in the year of our Lord 273.

DOUBTLESS, it was the prevailing power of fear, which armed Jupiter with his thunderbolt,

derbolt, Mars with his spear, and Apollo with his bow. And what can your Ladyship think of those parents who forced their children to pass through the fire to Moloch, though it were only to scorch their skins, which is the mildest interpretation of those words of Moses whereby that sort of cruelty was forbidden, Lev. xviii. 21.; what can your Ladyship think of those parents, but that they were scared out of their wits? And what opinion can you conceive of those parents who burnt their children to Adrammelech and Anammelech, the gods of Sepharvaim, 2 Kings xvii. 31. but that they were frightened out of all sense of humanity? For what can be discovered in the philosophic notion of Deity, which may give umbrage to such enormous superstitious fears? But, on the other hand, might not Pythagoras well be styled a divine philosopher, who came into Italy in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus (as Cicero informs us), to give the then barbarous people such a true notion of Deity, as might dissipate all superstitious fears, and afford a solid comfort? For if Deity be no other than the vital spirit of the universe, and common parent of mankind, reverence, love, and gratitude, become due from man to GOD: and Pythagoras might well ask the

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question, why men invented spectres to frighten themselves withal? as Ovid represents him speaking.

Quid Stygia, quid tenebras, et nomina vana, timetis.

And for the same reason was it, Madam, that Moses commanded the Jews to bring their sacrifices to the door of the tabernacle, viz. that they might not be offered to fearful objects, which the scriptures call *devils*: *They shall no more offer their sacrifices to devils*, Lev. xvii. 7. Upon which text it may be observed, that the original word, which in our translation is rendered *devils*, is by Latin interpretation set forth by most odious, frightful, and horrid ideas; such as *pilosi, villosi, hirsuti, hirci, satyri, horridi, horrifici*. And particularly Bochart in his treatise upon the animals mentioned in the Old Testament, commenting upon the text of Moses, says, that this word which we translate *devils*, was given as a name to the idols of Canaan, *quod horripilationem iis incutiunt quibus apparent; i. e.* because their figures were so terrible, that a man's hair would stand on end at their appearance. And whoever will read the chapter last cited, will find Moses preventing Pythagoras in his design of dissuading men from entertaining a frightful idea of Deity;

Deity ; and commanding, that since sacrifices were the worship then in use, his country should therefore pay their homage to that God, whose character was gracious and merciful, the great deliverer of that particular people, and one who still reserved a particular kindness for them. This character is in its nature fitted to raise veneration, love, and hope ; but fear is an unbecoming treatment of such a Deity.

AND yet behold, Madam, a greater than Pythagoras is here. I mean St John, who in his epistle, which at first I cited, sets forth the character of God, by the ideas of light and love, 1 John i. 5. *God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.* And in other places he gives the most amiable character of Deity, saying, that *God is love*, 1 John iv. 8.

As to the first of these two characters of God, that illustrious one of light, you cannot suppose it to be an object of fear, but rather of comfort and joy, for as much as the morning-light has been always observed to dispel those fears which have been occasioned by the foregoing darkness ; it is this daily flowing tide of brightness which tinctures the earth with its glory, rendering it thereby both useful and delightful to mankind. On the contrary, how dreadful was

it once for the Egyptians to sit under that thick mist of palpable darkness, which blotted out three whole days? In how melancholy a manner did they pass away their time, when *they saw not one another, neither arose any one from his place?* Exod. x. 23. But how joyful an hour was that wherein the sun arose to dispel the horror they had so long lain under? And look! what light is to the eye, that same thing is knowledge to the mind. The instruction of GOD is as delightful and refreshing to the soul, as the rising sun to a traveller, who has been beating out his way all night. By divine instruction a man finds a plain way through the world, notwithstanding all the by-paths of fancy and persuasion; hereby he sums up the whole of religious duty in reverence for GOD, care over ourselves, and kindness to our fellow-creatures; each part whereof is delightful and recreative to the spirit of man. Reverence for the Deity is the privilege of man above the beast, which knows not that he is in the care and keeping of GOD. But it is the glory of man to know and acknowledge his gracious Owner, Governor, and Benefactor.

As to the other two summary parts of divine instruction, care over ourselves, and kindness to our fellow-creatures, the per-
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formance of those duties carries nothing in it of fear or torment, but is pleasant as *light to the eye, and marrow to the bones*. The first of these two duties is preservative of soul and body from the dismal effects which unruly passion and ungoverned appetite too frequently produce. And as it is a horrid spectacle to behold a man out of the use of himself, as to have seen *Saul breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, making havock of the church, entering into every house, haling men and women and committing them to prison*, Acts viii. 8.; so, on the contrary, how pleasant must it have been to have seen his *labours of love*; to have been a witness of his *weariness and painfulness, his often watchings, his hunger and thirst, his cold and nakedness*, by reason of his *great care of all the churches which came upon him daily!* 1 Cor. xi.

BESIDES, let any one but consult his own experience, and see if there be any thing frightful, or tormenting, in being conscious of his own good-will and affection to mankind; or in being conscious of the merited love and esteem which he has gained from others thereby. And let a man examine himself if there be any pleasure which the world affords equal to the satisfaction he re-

ceives from relieving the necessities of his fellow-creatures according to the instruction of GOD.

BUT, on the other hand, where unwarranted traditions, and vain imaginations of men, prevail over the light of GOD, the minds of men will be perplexed with dark suspicions and tormenting fears. As for instance, if it be not certain that St Peter was at Rome, all the pretences which uphold the Roman-catholic communion fall to the ground: then there is no successor in power with the keys of heaven, nor any infallible apostolical commissioner to guide the flock of Christ. And that St Peter ever was at Rome, is no part of divine instruction. Now, since this great, and, as they pretend, universal flock of Christ, are uncertain of their guide, how must their doubts and fears multiply upon them, in relation to the way they ought to take? What security can they have, that the pardons and indulgences granted by the holy father are ratified in heaven? What security that their pilgrimages, penances, masses, with their adoration of a god baked in an oven, and such like inventions of their high priest, shall be accepted by the Greatest and Best of Beings? How shall they be sure that they walk not in the paths of darkness, but that they are the
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the children of light, drawing towards the inheritance of the saints in glory? But when a man hath a sincere respect to the light and instruction of GOD, he will thereby be made free from all these uncertainties, jealousies, and fears, which torment the minds of the superstitious.

Now, Madam, if hereupon, you should ask how you should know that the books of scripture contained in the Old and New Testament are the real true light and instruction of GOD; I think you may easily satisfy yourself as to that matter. For tho' many particular texts therein contained cannot be nicely understood without some knowledge of ancient customs, to which the expressions allude; yet, without any ancient or modern learning, let any one take a view of the whole analogy and suitable agreement of the doctrines contained in both testaments, and he will find that the design of all those writers was, to set forth such an admirable rule of life as was fit for GOD to give, and for man to receive. And if you will compare this moral instruction with the superstition of Heathens or Papists, your eye cannot discern the difference between the light of sun and moon more clearly, than your mind will distinguish between religion and superstition.

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THOSE holy books contain nothing of Popery or priestcraft, or of any other design, but only to direct us to such ways and means as are best fitted to work up human nature to the highest degree of virtue it is capable of in this life. And, therefore, whosoever shall endeavour to assert any low, self-designing opinion from Holy Writ, is the greatest enemy thereunto; for as much as every mean, base, selfish opinion, or any such doctrine which is contrary to the common rights, liberties, or advantages of mankind, being asserted from thence, is a millstone hung upon the book of God, directly tending to sink its authority, and render it suspected in the world. Upon this foot St Paul referred himself to the judgment of the Corinthians, saying, *I speak unto wise men, judge ye what I say*, 1 Cor. x. 15. Answerable whereunto, I refer it to the judgment of your Ladyship, whether a sincere love of the light and instruction of God, will not dispel those dark fears, which superstitious fancies are apt to create.

BUT St John saith, that *God is love*, 1 John iv. 8. and, therefore, whatsoever proceeds from him must not be frightful, but lovely. Thus, Solomon speaking of religion under the character of wisdom, saith, *Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all*
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her paths are peace, Prov. iii. 17. And St Paul, exhorting the Philippians to virtuous practice, faith, *Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things*, Phil. iv. 8. Nor was the Gentile a stranger to this doctrine: for, That which is good is lovely, was the saying of an old Greek poet, *Theog.* How lovely is it to behold the creation of God, wherein all things that fall under our cognisance discover a wise design, by which every event tends to the interest of the universe! and the character by which mankind doth most resemble Deity, is in the highest degree lovely; I mean, a virtuous motion of mind towards the good of our fellow-creatures. For by how much the affections of a man are fixed upon public benefit, by how much the more any one endeavours to oblige mankind, by so much are his actions rendered lovely; especially when this disposition of mind is carried on without the prospect of retaliation. For this is the disposition of God towards man, as David saith, *Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that fear him*, Psal. ciii. 13. The natural affection of the father is fully answered by the benefit which the child receives, without aiming at any other advantage. And in this respect the benevolence of noble founders, and public benefactors,

factors, as likewise the bounty of great princes, such whose high stations set them above self-interest, do render their actions most lovely; because they are incapable of any return, besides that joy which naturally flows from the advantages others receive by their means.

ADD to this, Madam, that a sincere love of virtue, excludes all strong self-interested hopes, as well as dismal fears. And thus *Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, Heb. xi. 24.* Josephus relates that matter thus: Thermuthis, the daughter of Pharaoh, who had preserved the life of Moses when very young, presented him to her father when grown up, desiring that he might be appointed to succeed in the government she having adopted him for her son. How lovely was it in Moses generously to refuse these court-offers of greatness, in order to attempt the deliverance of his brethren! It was not then understood that an eager pursuit after court-preferments was the mark of a true patriot; but the heroic and lovely disposition of Moses, which St Paul sets forth, was a generous compassion to his countrymen, whom he was willing
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to rescue from slavery with the hazard of his life; as appeared by his vigorous opposing of the Egyptian whom he found finiting an Hebrew, Exod. ii. 12. and likewise by perfecting their deliverance after he had conducted them into Canaan. For supposing the good Moses, instead of following the advice of Jethro, and setting up the judgment-seats of Israel, should have been prevailed upon to have established an Egyptian ministry in Canaan, he would thereby have tarnished that lovely character of a deliverer of his country, and lover of his brethren; which last character is, according to St John, the character by which one may know if he be passed from death to life. *We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren: he that loveth not his brother, abideth in death,* 1 John iii. 14. i. e. in the state and under the sentence of death, as our commentators explain it; whereas *he that loveth his brother, abideth in the light,* 1 John ii. 10. Such a one resembles God, who is the *Father of lights,* James i. 17.

AND should we, with St James, consider God as a common Father of comforts, who maintains the order of the universe, providing suitable maintenance for all creatures; *who maketh his sun to shine on the evil and*

and good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust, Matth. v. 25. as our Saviour saith: can we suppose such a fatherly disposition as this is, does any way tend to strike terror into our hearts, and to lay it there as the foundation of all our duties? Surely nothing but the willing affection of a dutiful son can be a suitable return for the constant love of an indulgent father. To conclude this argument, I think I may say, Madam, that although fear may prevail upon some ill men to abstain from evil, yet it is only the love of virtue which fixes our inclinations upon good things. And I hope I may also add, that as a good man has no need of fear to assist him in his pursuit after virtue; so is it likewise evident, both from natural and revealed religion, that such a one can have no cause to be afraid of GOD.

II. As to the fear of men, which was the second thing I was to consider, it is plain, Madam, that if your Ladyship shall observe men to act in subordination to GOD, by how much the love of GOD prevails over you, so much the more fearful you will be of giving them offence. Our parents, under GOD, are our immediate owners, governors, and benefactors; and the honour which hereupon is due to them, includes an awful respect towards them. And if the magi-
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strate be indeed the *minister of God to us for good* (as St Paul speaks), every man will be cautious of giving him offence. In such a case, *tribute is to be given to whom tribute is due, fear to whom fear, and honour to whom honour*, 1 Cor. xiii. But since good magistrates are a terror only to evil-doers, a sincere lover of virtue is far from fear upon that account.

BUT if your Ladyship shall consider men as acting in opposition to GOD, you may be allowed to use all necessary precautions to preserve yourself from their tyranny. Nor is there any thing cowardly, mean, or depressive of your spirit, in this sort of fear: *Beware of men*, (saith our Saviour to his disciples); *for they will deliver you up to the councils, and scourge you in their synagogues; but if they persecute you in one city, fly into another*, Matth. x. 17, 23. *Nor shall he be afraid of evil tidings whose heart is fixed upon God*, saith holy David, Psal. cxii. 7.

BUT then will a man find himself surrounded with tormenting fears, and dreadful suspicions, when, through want of a sincere love to his great Owner, Governor, and Benefactor, he hath cast off all sincere and upright walking, as in the presence of the invisible all-seeing GOD; when he hath cast off that righteousness, justice, honesty, and

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faithfulness, as would not fail to engage mankind in his support; and also to yield such a peace of conscience as will not suffer him to be disturbed, though the earth should shake, and the heavens be dissolved. And then may a nation be afraid of evil-tidings, when the love of God (which is chiefly made manifest by love to our brethren) waxeth cold, and when a feverish heat of dissention, arising from a wretched base self-interest, casts them into parties; when public weal is regarded only as it serves private ends; as the loud acclamation, *Great is Diana of the Ephesians*, was encouraged by the gain which the silver-smiths made by the temple of that goddess. When public trusts shall be coveted by some to please their vanity and sensuality; by others, to gratify their sordid love of money; and by most, to enslave their brethren; what wonder if, upon any extraordinary event, *mens hearts shall fail them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth?* Luke xxi. 26.; as our Saviour foretold, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, which was brought to pass by their fatal divisions. How dreadful were the tidings of Israel's captivity, which were brought to them by the prophet Jeremiah, and were grounded on
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their want of love to their brethren, whom for private interest they enslaved, when, according to the law of the sabbatical year, and the law of the jubilee, they ought to have made them free! The words of Jeremiah upon this occasion are these: *Thus saith the Lord, Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbour. Behold, I proclaim liberty to you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine. And I will make you to be removed to all the kingdoms of the earth, Jer. xxxvii. 17.* The effect of this prophecy is visible at this day, though the first fulfilling of it was by the arms of a Babylonish tyrant; who was, in that day, the great pattern of idolatry and tyranny himself, being no more than a king of slaves.

BUT yet, Madam, a true Israelite, in whom was no guile; who loved the Lord with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself; who was neither ambitious, nor covetous, nor over solicitous concerning the honours, riches, or pleasures, which the world affords; who walked watchfully in the denial of himself, so far as to hold no confederacy with any known sin; who when he has fallen from his duty, has recovered himself by true repentance; who has been

true to his promise, just in his actions, charitable to the poor, and well inclined to all men; who could forgive injuries, laying aside all thoughts of revenge; who could be meek, calm and gentle, when in the hands of furious and violent spirits; who was of a tender disposition, being as ready to prevent men from falling into immoralities and dangers, as he was to compassionate them in adversity: such a one as could be moderate in power, and humble in prosperity; whose actions discover a love to his country, free from the bias of private interest, and whose hearty inclinations were towards the good of mankind: Such a man as this was privileged from the fear of evil tidings, and was commissioned to hope that *through the voice of the Lord the Assyrian shall be beaten down who smote with a rod*, Isa. xxx. 31.

NAY, Madam, it was to cheer up the heart of such an Israelite as this, that the prophet Isaiah foretold the downfall of the Babylonish grand monarch, whose slaves usually style him *the king*, as if there were no other king besides him, saying, *Tophet is ordained of old, yea, for the king it is prepared: he hath made it deep and large: the pile thereof is fire and much wood: and the breath*

breath of the Lord like a stream of brimstone doth kindle it.

III. As to the fear of hell, Madam, I have very little to say; for if your Ladyship considers hell as a consummate state of wickedness, doubtless a virtuous person is at the greatest distance from thence. He who out of a sincere love to God is careful to know, and conscientious to do, his will; submitting not only his words and actions, but the very purposes of his heart, thereunto: he in whom the love of God hath cast down all pride and haughtiness both of heart and carriage, having reduced his passions to a due moderation and temper; who, through his love to God, esteems the world no more than it deserves, and makes use of it only to gratify a generous disposition of mind, ready to compassionate and help in adversity: this man is so far from any fear of hell, that he has in some degree the actual possession of heaven upon earth: and by being conscious of such his love to God, he is actual partaker of those divine joys, which alone we can suppose to affect the saints in glory; that is, such a delight as never surfeits nor cloyes, though ever so frequently renewed, or ever so long continued, and such as leaves no ill relish behind it.

BUT, on the other hand, if a man bears no true love to the great and good GOD, but dares commit sin with presumption; if he be governed by unruly passions, insatiable desires, or by an ambitious, covetous, or malicious temper; if he be moved by envy at the prosperity of some, or by revenge for small offences taken at others; this man is already sensible of hell upon earth. And though a thousand inventions may be found out to quiet the evil spirit which arises from the self-consciousness of his own wicked heart; yet nothing can alleviate his torment, because nothing can separate conscience from the soul of man.

IT is true, Madam, that sometimes the instrumental parts of religion are called in aid, to allay the terrors of a hell within; and these devotional performances, joined with a strong fancy, may for a time have some effect upon an enthusiastic temper; as David's harp had upon Saul's melancholy, so long as the music lasted. But yet the dreadful apprehensions of guilt will not totally be extinguished, till our earnest endeavours have recovered us to a sincere love of GOD.

HAVING thus endeavoured to shew what fear of GOD, of man, and of hell, is inconsistent with the love of GOD, I hope it will
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appear that I did no ill, when I offered to shew your Ladyship *yet a more excellent way*, that of *charity* or *love*; and advised you, in some measure, to soften the power of fear in your religious practices and devotional performances. I beg your Ladyship's favourable construction of what I have written in this letter, meaning thereby to testify the respect due to you from

Your Ladyship's

Most obliged, &c.

A LETTER to a very YOUNG LADY on her MARRIAGE.



By DEAN SWIFT.

THE following letter from Dean Swift, though written for the use of a particular young lady, yet contains such wise maxims, and abounds with so much good sense, and knowledge of mankind, as must render it of general advantage to the whole sex, if attentively perused.

A FEW severe, and even indelicate expressions stand in need of an apology, and may be apt to disgust; but some allowance should be made for the turn of his genius, the disappointments of his life, the tenderness of his constitution, and the particular degree of intimacy which subsisted between him and the young lady to whom he wrote.

HOWEVER, in proportion as his female readers can divest themselves of the prejudices arising from the blunt and supercilious air of this performance, they will be able to relish its instruction, and improve by its precepts.

MADAM,

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life, where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and

and follies to which your sex is subject. I have always borne an entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband, hath been for some years past my particular favourite: I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, that, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the world; whereby you avoided many wrong steps which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed: but they failed, as it is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind: without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress; but wants a reasonable companion, and a true friend, through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices; wherein I will not fail to be your director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

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my instructions ; whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.

I MUST therefore desire you, in the first place, to be very slow in changing the *modest behaviour of a virgin*. It is usual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold forward look and manner of talking ; as if they intended to signify in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and consequently that their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature : whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I MUST likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of *fondness* to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding, or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for

for it. The one is gross hypocrisy, and the other is too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad ; and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours ; which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was every described in a French romance.

UPON this head I should likewise advise you to differ in practice from those ladies who affect abundance of *uneasiness* while their husbands are abroad ; start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let in their master ; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper, if the husband happens to stay out ; and receive him at his return with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a shrew from Billingsgate would be a more easy and eligible companion.

OF the same leaven are those wives, who, when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post upon pain of
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fits and hysterics; and a day must be fixed for their return home, without the least allowance for business, or sickness, or accidents, or weather. Upon which I can only say, that, in my observation, those ladies who are apt to make the greatest clutter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news that their husbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for *fine clothes* so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your counsel. I may venture to assure you, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a yard in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of care in the *cleanliness* and sweetness of their persons. For the satirical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating cleanliness and finery together. I shall only add, upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality, That nothing could make her supportable but cutting

ting off her head; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of *company*; which, however, is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies who are your equals, or superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe; and, this in the style of the world, will pass for good company: whereas, I am afraid, it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in a manifest danger of contracting some foppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only safest way of conversing with them is by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do. And this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For instance: In the doctrines they usually deliver to young-married women for managing their husbands; their several accounts of their own conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently; their directions how to come

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off with victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband ; the arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak side ; when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand ; in these, and a thousand other cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I HOPE your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of *visiting*. Half a dozen fools are, in all conscience, as many as you should require, and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a-year ; for I think the fashion does not exact, that visits should be paid to friends.

I ADVISE, that your company at home should consist of men, rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their best qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and good-will ; which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or any amusement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themselves, is a very
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school of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if those be the worst.

LET your men acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any she-companions; because they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it will cost you some time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

NEVER take a *favourite waiting-maid* into your cabinet-counsel, to entertain you with histories of those ladies whom she hath formerly served, of their diversions and their dresses; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgment, because you are sure it will be always for you; to receive and discard servants by her approbation or dislike; to engage you, by her insinuations, in misunderstandings with your best friends, to represent all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

BUT the grand affair of your life will be, to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your *husband*. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent understanding and an exact

taste. It is true, and it is happy for you, that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue. But neither good-nature nor virtue will suffer him to *esteem* you against his judgment; and although he is not capable of using you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world; and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will, put a sudden end to. Besides, yours was a match of prudence and common good-liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion which hath no being but in play-books and romances.

You must therefore use all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments, which your husband values most in other people, and for which he is most valued himself. You must improve your mind, by closely pursuing such a method of study as I shall direct or approve of.

of. You must get a collection of history and travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them, if your memory be weak. You must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and to become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have a regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain each other without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy on your hands for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it hath sometimes moved me with pity, to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner; and this in families where there is not

much drinking ; as if it were an established maxim, That women are incapable of all conversation. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passeth ; but, in a separate club, entertain each other with the price and choice of lace, and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or the play-house. And when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you apply your hands to each others lap-pets, and ruffles, and mantuas ; as if the whole business of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut or colour of your dresses ? As divines say, that some people take more pains to be damned, than it would cost them to be saved ; so your sex employ more thought, memory and application, to be fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures ; but a sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey ; who hath more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocades, and, for aught I know, would equally become them.

I WOULD have you look upon finery as a necessary folly; which all great ladies did whom I have ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford; and, in your own heart, I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petticoat can give you; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous or wise, than if it hung upon a peg.

IF you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature
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and limits of virtue and vice; it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour by reading and information to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her about a new cargo of fans.

It is a little hard, that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it; as any one may find, who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel; where the least word out of the common road, is sure to disconcert them; and it is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives.

I ADVISE you, therefore, to read aloud more or less every day, to your husband if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right. And as for spelling, you may compass it in time, by making collections from the books you read.

I KNOW very well, that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost
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all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness, and conceit of themselves. But there is an easy remedy for this; if you once consider, that, after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive, in point of learning, to the perfection of a school-boy. The reading I would advise you to, is only for improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method, and ill choice of books, that makes those learned ladies just so much the worse for what they have read. And, therefore, it shall be my care to direct you better: a task for which I take myself to be not ill qualified; because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities, than many others, to observe and discover from what sources the various follies of women are derived.

PRAY observe, how insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty; how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex; and have no relief, but in passing their afternoons in visits, where they are never acceptable, and their evenings at cards among each other; while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair,
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by art and dress, the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addreses, without any further view than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I AM ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman. I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly, which is not equally detestable in both. There is indeed one infirmity which is generally allowed you; I mean that of *cowardice*.

YET there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful becoming quality in themselves, to be afraid of their own shadows; to scream in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring; to run from a cow at an hundred yards distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an ear-wig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty, (as it is generally granted), I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable, as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

AND as the same virtues equally become
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both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of reservedness; which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy. For as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you, so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

THERE is never wanting in this town, a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour, their excellency lies in rude shocking expressions, and what they call *running a man down*. If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemish in his birth or person; if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himself, for which he is ashamed; they will be sure to give him broad hints of it, without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute, rather than to that of such termagants as these. I have often thought, that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but treat them like insolent rascals
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disguised in female habits, who ought to be stripped, and kicked down stairs.

I WILL add one thing, though it be a little out of place, which is, to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities which he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not. For although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side; but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I CAN give you no advice upon the article of *expense*: only I think you ought to be well informed, how much your husband's revenue amounts to; and be so good a computer as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point, when they have teased their husbands to buy a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once

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considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I DESIRE you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it. And so GOD blefs you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband and your parents. I am, with great truth and affection,

MADAM,

Your most faithful friend,

And humble servant.

Three LETTERS from Mrs B***.
to a YOUNG LADY.

LETTER I. *On TEMPER.*

MY DEAR CHILD,

THE due regulation of your temper cannot be undertaken too early, as it is of the utmost importance to your future happiness. If you consider that the constant tenor of the gospel-precepts is to promote love, peace, and good-will, amongst men, you will not doubt that the cultivation of an amiable disposition is a great part of your religious duty. A woman bred up in a religious manner, placed above the reach of want, and out of the way of fordid or scandalous vices, can have but few temptations to the flagrant breach of the divine laws. It particularly concerns her, therefore, to understand them in their full import; and to consider how far the trespasses against them, by such actions as appear trivial, when compared with murder, adultery, and theft, but which become

come of very great importance by being frequently repeated and occurring in the daily transactions of life. The principal virtues or vices of a woman must be of a private or domestic kind ; within the circle of her own family and dependents lies her sphere of action---the scene of almost all those tasks and trials which must determine her character, and her fate here and hereafter. Reflect for a moment, how much the happiness of her husband, children, and servants, must depend on her temper ; and you will see, that the greatest good or evil, which she ever may have in her power to do, may arise from her correcting or indulging its infirmities. We all, from social or self love, earnestly desire the esteem and affection of our fellow-creatures ; and indeed our condition makes them so necessary to us, that the wretch who has forfeited them must feel desolate and undone, deprived of all the best enjoyments and comforts the world can afford, and given up to his inward misery, unpitied and scorned. But this can never be the fate of a good-natured person : whatever faults he may have, they will be generally treated with lenity ; he will find an advocate in every human heart ; and his virtues will be viewed in the fairest point of light : His

good-humour, without the help of great talents or acquirements, will make his company preferable to that of the most brilliant genius, in whom this quality is wanting. In short, it is almost impossible that you can be sincerely beloved by any body without this engaging property, whatever other excellencies you may possess; but, with it, you will scarcely fail of finding some friends and favourers, even though you should be destitute almost of every other advantage. It is observed, that every temper is inclined in some degree, either to passion, peevishness, or obstinacy. Many are so unfortunate as to be inclined to all three. It is necessary, therefore, to watch the bent of our nature, and to apply the remedies proper for the infirmity to which we are most liable. With regard to the first, it is so injurious to society, and so odious in itself, especially in the female character, that one would think shame alone would be sufficient to preserve a young woman from giving way to it: for it is as unbecoming her character to be betrayed into ill behaviour by passion, as by intoxication; and she ought to be ashamed of the one, as much as of the other. Gentleness, meekness, and patience, are her peculiar distinctions; and an enraged woman is one of the most disgusting sights in nature.

nature. Pride, which produces so many evils in the human mind, is the great source of passion. Whoever cultivates in himself a proper humility, a due sense of his own faults and insufficiencies, and a due respect for others, will find but small temptation to violent or unreasonable anger. Whenever therefore you feel yourself very angry, suspect yourself to be in the wrong, and resolve to stand the decision of your own conscience, before you cast upon another the punishment which is perhaps due to yourself. This self-examination will at least give you time to cool; and, if you are just, will dispose you to balance your own wrong with that of your antagonist, and to settle the account with him on equal terms. Peevishness, though not so violent and fatal in its immediate effects, is still more unamiable than passion; and, if possible, more destructive to happiness, in as much as it operates more continually. Though the spiteful man injures us less, he disgusts us more, than the passionate one, because he betrays a low and little mind; intent on trifles, and engrossed by a paltry self-love, which knows not how to bear the very apprehension of any inconvenience. It is self-love, then, which we must combat, when we find ourselves assaulted by this infirmity;

ty; and by voluntarily enduring inconveniences, we shall habituate ourselves to bear them with ease and good-humour when occasioned by others. Perhaps this is the best kind of religious mortification; as the chief end of denying ourselves any innocent indulgences must be to acquire a habit of command over our passions and inclinations, particularly such as are likely to lead us into evil. The smallest disappointment in pleasure, or difficulty in the most trifling employment, will put wilful young people out of temper, and their very amusements frequently become sources of vexation and peevishness. How often have I seen a girl, preparing for a ball or for some other public appearance---unable to satisfy her own vanity---pet over every ornament she put on---quarrel with her maid, with her clothes, her hair---and, growing still more unlovely as they grow more cross, be ready to fight with her looking-glass for not making her as handsome as she wished to be: she did not consider, that the traces of this ill-humour on her countenance would be a greater disadvantage to her appearance than any defect in her dress---or even than the plainest features enlivened by joy and good-humour. Sul-
lenness, or obstinacy, is perhaps a worse
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worse fault of temper than either of the former; and, if indulged, may end in the most fatal extremes of stubborn melancholy, malice, and revenge. The resentment which, instead of being expressed, is nursed in secret, and continually aggravated by the imagination, will in time become the ruling passion; and then, how horrible must be his case, whose kind and pleasurable affections are all swallowed up by the tormenting as well as detestable sentiments of hatred and revenge! Brood not over a resentment, which was perhaps at first ill grounded, and which is undoubtedly heightened by a heated imagination. But when you have first subdued your own temper so as to be able to speak calmly, reasonably, and kindly, then expostulate with the person you suppose to be in fault---hear what she has to say---and either reconcile yourself to her, or quiet your mind under the injury by the principle of Christian charity. The love of truth, and a real desire of improvement, ought to be the only motives of argumentation; and where these are sincere, no difficulty can be made of embracing the truth as soon as it is perceived. But in fact, people often dispute from vanity and pride, which makes it a grievous mortification to allow that we are the wiser
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for what we have heard from another. To receive advice, reproof, and instruction, properly, is the surest sign of a sincere and humble heart---and shews a greatness of mind, which commands our respect and reverence, while it appears so willingly to yield to us the superiority. You must consider, that those who tell you of your faults, if they do it from motives of kindness and not of malice, exert their friendship in a painful office, which must have cost them as great an effort, as it can be to you to acknowledge the service; and if you refuse this encouragement, you cannot expect that any one, who is not absolutely obliged to it by duty, will a second time undertake such an ill-requited trouble. What a loss would this be to yourself---how difficult would be our progress to that degree of perfection, which is necessary to our happiness, was it not for the assistance we receive from each other! This is certainly one of the means of grace held out to us by our merciful Judge; and if we reject it, we are answerable for all the miscarriages we may fall into for want of it. To make you the delight and darling of your family, something more is required than barely to be exempt from ill temper and troublesome humours. The sincere and genuine smiles
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of complacency and love must adorn your countenance; and every engaging qualification which you possess, should be exerted to the best advantage for those whose love is of most importance to you—for those who live under the same roof, and with whom you are connected for life, either by the ties of blood, or by the still more sacred obligations of a voluntary engagement. That ready compliance, that alertness to assist and oblige, which demonstrates true affection, must animate your behaviour, and endear your most common actions; and you will, I hope, constantly bear in mind, that you can never treat a fellow-creature unkindly, without offending the kind Creator and Father of all; and that you can no way render yourself so acceptable to him, as by studying to promote the happiness of others, in every instance, small as well as great. The favour of God, and the love of your companions, will surely be deemed rewards sufficient to animate your most fervent endeavours: Yet this is not all; the disposition of mind which I would recommend, is its own reward, and essential to happiness.

L E T.

LETTER II. *On OECONOMY.*

MY DEAR CHILD,

IT is impossible for me to give you particular directions with regard to the œconomy which I wish you to follow; it consisting of so many branches, some of which descend to such minutenesses. The first and greatest point is, to lay out your general plan of living in a just proportion to your fortune and rank: if these two will not coincide, the last must certainly give way; for, if you have right principles, you cannot fail of being wretched under the sense of the injustice as well as danger of spending beyond your income, and your distress will be continually increasing. No mortifications which you can suffer from retrenching in your appearance, can be comparable to this unhappiness. If you would enjoy the real comforts of affluence, you should lay your plan considerably within your income; not for the pleasure of amassing wealth—though, where there is a growing family, it is absolute duty to lay by something every year—but to provide for contingencies, and to have the power of indulging your choice in the disposal of the overplus, either in innocent pleasures, or
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to increase your funds for charity and generosity, which are in fact the true funds of pleasure. Regularity of payments and accounts is essential to œconomy:—your house-keeping should be settled at least once a-week, and all the bills paid; all tradesmen should be paid, at farthest, once a-year. Indeed I think it more advantageous to pay oftener: but, if you make them trust you longer, they must either charge proportionably higher, or be losers by your custom. Numbers of them fail every year, from the cruel cause of being obliged to give their customers so much longer credit than the dealers from whom they take their goods will allow to them. If people of fortune considered this, they would not defer their payments from mere negligence, as they often do, to the ruin of whole families. In your table, as in your dress, and in all other things, I wish you to aim at propriety and neatness; or if your state demands it, elegance, rather than superfluous figures. To go beyond your sphere, either in dress, or in the appearance of your table, indicates a greater fault in your character than to be too much within it. It is impossible to enter into the minutiae of the table: good sense and observation on the best models must form your taste;

taste; and a due regard to what you can afford will restrain it. Early rising, and a good disposition of time, is essential to œconomy. The necessary orders and examination into household affairs, should be dispatched as soon in the day and as privately as possible, that they may not interrupt your husband or guests, or break in upon conversation or reading, in the remainder of the day. There is in many people, and particularly in youth, a strange aversion to regularity—a desire to delay what ought to be done immediately, in order to do something else which might as well be done afterwards. Be assured, that it is of more consequence to you than can be conceived, to get the better of this idle procrastinating spirit, and to acquire habits of constancy and steadiness, even in the most trifling matters: without them there can be no regularity or consistency of action or character—no dependance on your best intentions, which a sudden humour may tempt you to lay aside for a time, and which a thousand unforeseen accidents will afterwards render it more and more difficult to execute. No one can say what important consequences may follow a trivial neglect of this kind. For example: I have known one of these procrastinators disoblige, and
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gradually lose very valuable friends, by delaying to write to them so long, that, having no good excuse to offer, she could not get courage enough to write at all, and dropped their correspondence entirely. The neatness and order of your house and furniture is a part of œconomy which will greatly affect your appearance and character, and to which you must yourself give attention, since it is not possible even for the rich and great to rely wholly on the care of servants, in such points, without their being often neglected: but in this, as in all other branches of œconomy, I wish you to avoid all parade and bustle. Those Ladies who pique themselves on the particular excellence of neatness, are very apt to forget that the decent order of the house should be designed to promote the convenience and pleasure of those who are to be in it; and if it is converted into a cause of trouble and constraint, their husbands and guests would be happier without it.

The best sign of a house being well governed is, that nobody's attention is called to any of the little affairs of it, but all goes on so well of course, that one is not led to make remarks upon any thing, nor to observe any extraordinary effort, that produces

duces the general result of ease and elegance which prevails throughout. Domestic œconomy, and the credit and happiness of a family, depend so much on the choice and proper regulation of servants, that it must be considered as an essential part both of prudence and duty. Such persons should be invariably strict and peremptory with regard to the behaviour of their servants, in every thing which concerns the general plan of domestic government---but should by no means be severe on small faults, since nothing so much weakens authority as frequent chiding. If you, my dear, live to be at the head of a family, I hope you will not only avoid all injurious treatment of your servants; but behave to them with that courtesy and good-breeding, which will heighten their respect as well as their affection. When they are sick, give them all the attention and every comfort in your power, with a free heart and kind countenance. Whilst you thus endear yourself to all your servants, you must ever carefully avoid making a favourite of any; unjust distinctions, and weak indulgences to one, will of course excite envy and hatred in the rest. Your favourite may establish whatever abuses she pleases; none will dare to complain against her, and you will be
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kept ignorant of her ill practices, but will feel the effects of them, by finding all your other servants uneasy in their places, and perhaps by being obliged continually to change them.

I am sensible, my dear child, that very little more can be gathered from what I have said on œconomy, than the general importance of it, which cannot be too much impressed on your mind, since the natural turn of young people is to neglect and even despise it; not distinguishing it from parsimony and narrowness of spirit. But be assured, my dear, there can be no true generosity without it; and that the most enlarged and liberal mind will find itself not debased, but ennobled, by it. Nothing is more common, than to see the same person whose want of œconomy is ruining his family---and by endeavouring to save, in such trifles as will not amount to twenty pounds a-year, that which he wastes by hundreds---incur the character and suffer the anxieties of a miser, together with the misfortunes of a prodigal. A rational plan of expence will save you from all these corroding cares, and will give you the full and liberal enjoyment of what you spend. An air of ease, of hospitality, and frankness, will reign in your

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house,

house, which will make it pleasant to your friends and to yourself.

L E T T E R III. *On* P O L I T E N E S S.

MY DEAR CHILD,

YOU must have often observed, that nothing is so strong a recommendation, on a slight acquaintance, as politeness; nor does it lose its value by time or intimacy, when preserved, as it ought to be, in the nearest connections and strictest friendships. This delightful qualification---so universally admired and respected, but so rarely possessed in any eminent degree---cannot but be a considerable object of my wishes for you: nor should either of us be discouraged by the apprehension that neither I am capable of teaching, nor you of learning, it in perfection---since whatever degree you attain will amply reward our pains. To be perfectly polite, one must have great presence of mind, with a delicate and quick sense of propriety; or, in other words, one should be able to form an instantaneous judgment of what is fittest to be said or done, on every occasion, as it offers. I have known
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one or two persons, who seemed to owe this advantage to nature only, and to have the peculiar happiness of being born, as it were, with another sense, by which they had an immediate perception of what was proper and improper, in cases absolutely new to them: but this is the lot of very few. In general, propriety of behaviour must be the fruit of instruction, of observation, and of reasoning; and is to be cultivated and improved like any other branch of knowledge or virtue. Particular modes and ceremonies of behaviour vary in different countries, and even in different parts of the same town. These can only be learned by observation on the manners of those who are best skilled in them, and by keeping what is called good company. But the principles of politeness are the same in all places. Wherever there are human beings, it must be impolite to hurt the temper, or to shock the passions, of those you converse with. It must every where be good breeding to set your companions in the most advantageous light, by giving each the opportunity of displaying their most agreeable talents, and by carefully avoiding all occasions of exposing their defects;—to exert your own endeavours to please, and to amuse, but not to outshine, them;—to

give each their due share of attention and notice—not engrossing the talk, where others are desirous to speak; nor suffering the conversation to stay, for want of introducing something to continue or renew a subject;—not to push your advantages in argument so far that your antagonist cannot retreat with honour.

In short, it is an universal duty in society to consider others more than yourself—in honour preferring one another. Christianity, in this rule, gives the best lesson of politeness; yet judgment must be used in the application of it: Our humility must not be strained so far as to distress those we mean to honour; we must not quit our proper rank, nor force others to treat us improperly; we should be perfectly easy, and make others so if we can. A real desire of obliging, and a respectful attention, will in a great measure supply the want of knowledge; and will make every one ready to overlook those deficiencies, which are owing only to the want of opportunities to observe the manners of polite company. You ought not, therefore, to be too much depressed by the consciousness of such deficiencies; but endeavour to get above the shame of wanting, what you have not had the means of acquiring. Nothing heightens
this

this false shame, and the awkwardness which it occasions, so much as vanity. The humble mind, contented to be known for what it is, and unembarrassed by the dread of betraying its ignorance, is present to itself; and can command the use of understanding, which will generally preserve you from any great indecorum, and will secure you from that ridicule which is the punishment of affectation rather than of ignorance. People of sense will never despise you, whilst you act naturally; but the moment you attempt to step out of your own character, you make yourself an object of just ridicule. Many are of opinion, that a very young woman can hardly be too silent and reserved in company; and certainly nothing is so disgusting in youth, as pertness and self-conceit. But modesty should be distinguished from an awkward bashfulness; and silence should only be enjoined, when it would be forward and impertinent to talk. There are many proper opportunities for a girl to speak in company with advantage herself; and if she does it without conceit or affectation, she will be always more pleasing than those who sit like statues without sense or motion. When you are silent, your looks should show your attention and presence to the company:

pany: a respectful and earnest attention is the most delicate kind of praise, and never fails to gratify and please. In your father's house, it is certainly proper for you to pay civility to the guests, and to talk to them in your turn---with modesty and respect.--- Young ladies of near your own age, who visit there, fall of course to your share to entertain. But whilst you exert yourself to make their visit agreeable to them, you must not forget what is due to the elder part of the company; nor, by whispering and laughing apart, give them cause to suspect, what is often true, that they themselves are the subject of your mirth. It is so shocking an outrage against society to talk of or, laugh at, any person in his own presence, that one would think that it could only be committed by the vulgar. I am sorry, however, to say, that I have often observed it among young ladies, who little deserved that title, whilst they indulged their overflowing spirits, in defiance of decency and good nature. Old age,---which, if not disgraced by vice and affectation, has the justest title to reverence,---will be mimicked and insulted; and even personal defects and infirmities will too often excite contempt and abuse instead of compassion. If you have ever been led into such an action,

tion, my dear girl, call it seriously to mind, when you are confessing your faults to Almighty God; and be fully persuaded, that it is not one of the least which you have to repent of. You will be immediately convinced of this, by comparing it with the great rule of justice, That of doing as you would be done unto. No person living is insensible to the injury of contempt; nor is there any talent so invidious, or so certain to excite ill-will, as that of ridicule. The natural effects of years which all hope to attain, and the infirmities of the body which none can prevent, are surely of all others the most improper objects of mirth. There are subjects enough that are innocent, and on which you may freely indulge the vivacity of your spirits; for I would not condemn you to perpetual seriousness---on the contrary, I delight in a joyous temper, at all ages, and particularly at yours. In a young lady's behaviour toward gentlemen, great delicacy is certainly required. Men of loose morals or impertinent behaviour must always be avoided: or if at any time you are obliged to be in their company, you must keep them at a distance by cold civility. But with those gentlemen whom your parents think it proper for you to converse with, and give no offence by
their

their own manners, to them I wish you to behave with the same frankness and simplicity as if they were of your own sex. If you have naturally modesty, you will never transgress its bounds; whilst you converse with a man, as one rational creature with another, without any view to the possibility of a lover or admirer, where nothing of that kind is professed: where it is, I hope you will ever be equally a stranger to coquetry and prudery; and that you will be able to distinguish the effects of real esteem and love from idle gallantry and unmeaning fine speeches. The slighter notice you take of these last, the better; and that with rather good-humoured contempt, than with affected gravity: but the first must be treated with seriousness, not giving the least encouragement, which you do not mean; nor assuming airs of contempt, when it is not deserved. In every step which leads to a serious attachment, you should consult your parents, from the first moment you apprehend any thing of that sort to be intended: let them be your first confidants; and let every part of your conduct, in such a case, be particularly directed by them.---Whether married or single, may those delightful hopes be answered which have animated my heart, while with
dili-

dilligent attention I have endeavoured to apply to your advantage all that my own experience and best observation could furnish ; and I flatter myself, that my dearest girl will shine forth a bright example of every thing that is amiable and praiseworthy. I am,

With the most sincere friendship,

Your's affectionately.

London, }
May 3. 1777. }

An EPISTLE upon the CULTIVATION of TASTE.

Addressed to Miss G—— of E——.

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R

C O N T E N T S.

try, 192. *A caution not to confine her reading to poetry alone, 195. The advantages which attend the study of history.-----The histories of Greece and Rome, and that of Britain, recommended, 204. A notion of moral and natural philosophy not improper.-----Shaftesbury's and Nettleton's short treatise pointed out for the first, and nature displayed for the last, 216. A recommendation to employ her leisure hours in reading, though some absurdly would confine all knowledge to the other sex, 222. A caution against letting speculation ingross all her thoughts. Those active and social virtues recommended which are adapted to her nature, sex, and station, 240. The above duties consistent with taste and knowledge. This exemplified in the characters of Madam Dacier and Mrs Rowe, 245. Such examples likewise among ourselves hinted at.---Conclusion.*

On the Cultivation of TASTE.

MY dear ZELINDA, since you would explore
What verses I at present have in store,
Receive inclos'd some unconnected rhymes,
The work of various hands, at various times.

Your dawning taste with pleasure I survey, 5
And to its search would nobler scenes display:
Nor still to manuscripts confine your views,
The careless fallies of the sporting muse;
But fix your eye where real beauty reigns,
And public sanction dignifies the strains. 10

From nature's charms supreme delight to share,
To feel what's good—sublime--or new—or fair,
With higher prospects fires the human aim,
Refines our pleasures, and improves our frame:
This task the muses claim, by Heaven design'd 15
The heart to soften, and enlarge the mind;

At once to guide and animate our way,
Where Truth and Virtue hold eternal sway.
R 2 These

Ver. 5. *Your dawning taste, &c.* The lady's age fifteen.

Ver. 12. *To feel what's good, &c.*

Novelty, goodness, beauty, and grandeur or sublimity, are the sources from whence all the pleasures of the internal senses are derived.

Ver. 15. *This task the muses, &c.*

The muses preside alike over all the polite arts; but music, painting, and sculpture, contribute in some degree to the same end with poetry.—It has been disputed, which of the imitations are most productive of improvement; but, upon the whole, the preference seems due to poetry.—See Harris on that subject.

These glorious ends effectually to gain,
 They charm the ear, the fancy entertain; 20
 Paint all that's fair in Nature to the sight,
 And mix sublime instruction with delight.

Yet not alone this task the muse essays:
 Pretending sirens oft usurp her praise,
 Deck with delusive charms the mimic lay, 25
 And lead too soon th' unwary mind astray.
 Hence, though in Music all her numbers flow,
 Through all her song though endless raptures glow,
 Let Taste, let Virtue fly th' enchanting strain;
 Where false the sentiment, the joy is vain. 30

Not each assuming bard the Nine inspire,
 Whose sacrilegious hand profanes the lyre.
 Where-e'er the song to faithless Pleasure leads,
 Through fairy prospects or illusive meads, 35
 Or flows in dull unanimated rhyme,
 To meanness sinks, or swells to mock sublime;
 The quaint conceit, the force of lab'ring art,
 Can to the Muse or Nature owe no part.

Let HOMER still your first attention claim,
 Whom all the Nine with all their charms inflame. 40
 He first essay'd their noblest wreaths to gain;
 Ambitious task! yet not essay'd in vain.
 Him future bards with veneration view,
 And with unequal wing his flights pursue;

From

Ver, 37. *The quaint conceit, &c.*

Almost all the wits in Charles II'd's time may be ranged under this class, when even grave divines vouchsafed to be jocular, and threw their puns and quibbles from the pulpit.

From him Invention's copious source explore, 45
And deck their labours with the borrowed store.

To find a hand that durst attempt his strain,
A thousand toiling years revolv'd in vain ;
Till Fate and Nature smiling on mankind,
Another brow for epic bays design'd, 50
Destin'd beneath Hesperian suns to bloom,
And shine the glory of the world and Rome.
Hail, sacred MARO! in whose deathless strain
Nature and Art united praise attain :
Correct and pure thy heav'nly numbers flow, 55
Yet with the keenest flame of Genius glow.
Through all the records of eternal Fate,
Fame saw but one of Nature's works so great :

Britannia's boast ! whose lyre, by angels strung,
Resounded equal to the themes he sung ! 60
That man his nature might with pleasure see,
In its full height,—God said, Let MILTON be ;
Then, as when first his world its charms display'd,
Beheld, approv'd, and blest'd the work he made.
Whether his song to hell's dark depth descend, 65
Where Night and Wo united sway extend ;
Or to fair Eden's happier climes arise,
Or paint the brighter splendors of the skies ;
One boundless grandeur, one informing soul,
Sustains, illumines, and animates the whole. 70

In narrower limits, yet with epic rage,
Next view the buskin'd muses tread the stage ;
Where Pity o'er the wrecks of Fate reclines,
And in the dignity of Sorrow shines ;

Where courage toils in storms of Fortune tost, 75
 And silent Terror stalks in Hamlet's ghost.
 Here mighty SHAKESPEAR, on his natal throne
 Unrival'd shines, with glory all his own;
 Great nature's fav'rite, singularly blest
 With all the empire of the human breast: 80
 Him equal knowledge, equal warmth inspire,
 And wisdom tunes, and passion strikes his lyre.

In POPE's harmonious pages you may scan
 The proper task and estimate of man;
 Through various life his various song pursue, 85
 Which as it leads, improves in every view.
 In easy flowing numbers if he sing,
 What dire effects from am'rous discord spring!
 His pregnant fancy to our wond'ring eyes,
 In various forms bids various objects rise; 90
 And hangs suspended on a single hair,
 All the conceits and whimsies of the fair.

Like grubs in amber, through his living line,
 See Blackmore, Gildon, Dennis, Welsted shine.
 For when rash witlings durst his rage inflame, 95
 He damn'd the dunces to eternal fame.

If led by Truth and Taste, he trace the scenes
 Where real beauty in full splendor reigns,
 Nature gives sanction to the critic's laws,
 And shews her son the great sublime he draws. 100

If nigh the silver Thames his Doric strain
 Displays the guiltless passions of the plain,

With

With force united on the melting heart,
Music and Love their utmost power exert.

If o'er rough rocks the torrent pours along, 105
Thunders the roaring torrent through his song;
If sighing breezes wanton in the skies,
Soft in his lay the breathing zephyr sighs.
Thus bright he shines, in every glory crown'd,
The test of British elegance and sound. 110

But hark! what stream of music pours along,
Sublimely sweet, and elegantly strong,
Sacred to Liberty, who rais'd his aim
To add one wreath to Cato's deathless fame?
'Tis Addison, whose numbers court thy ear, 115
Where Churchill's glories ever bright appear.
Thrice happy pair, with equal ardour fir'd,
By one great pow'r in one great cause inspir'd.
Conquest obsequious led the hero's way;
With equal spirit glow'd the poet's lay. 120
Who would not all the toils of war sustain,
To shine immortaliz'd in such a strain?
What muse would cease to strike the loftiest lyre,
Should such heroic deeds their song inspire?
But Wisdom, and the genius of mankind, 125
Another province to their son assign'd:
Briton's Spectator, in whose easy page
At once is seen the gentleman and sage.
Here knowledge shines, in fairest colours dress'd,
The noblest truths in justest words express'd. 130
Here

Ver. 118. *By one great, &c.*

Liberty is here meant, in whose cause Addison and Marlborough exerted themselves each in their different spheres.

Here cultivate your taste, and form your style;
 Here at Sir Roger's various humours smile;
 Here view with fancy's eyes the moral dream,
 Or with new relish pass from theme to theme.
 Hence may you learn in every light to please, 135
 To think with elegance, and write with ease.

With tender feeling and descriptive art,
 Let THOMSON charm thy mind and melt thy heart.
 Thomson! enamour'd Nature's darling care,
 Who bade him all her noblest talents share; 140
 With him to streams, and groves, and vales retir'd,
 Inform'd his judgment, and his fancy fir'd;
 Consign'd her faithful pencil to his hand,
 And taught him all her wonders to expand:
 So strong his colours, so divine his art, 145
 Such beauty forms, such life inspires each part,
 With keener transports scarce our eyes pursue
 The great original from which he drew.

Wouldst thou the ardour of thy thoughts unbend,
 And with the muse to gayer themes descend? 150
 See YOUNG, in quick exuberance of thought,
 With all the richest stores of Fancy fraught,
 Arm Satire's hand with darts, with smiles her face,
 And from the love of fame each action trace.

Let GARTH with sharp, but salutary spleen, 155
 As music gentle, but as lightning keen,
 In physic's mock solemnity appear,
 Or with correct description charm your ear.

The

Ver. 157. *In physic's mock, &c.*
In the Dispensatory.

Ver. 158. ——— *correct description, &c.*
In his Clerimont.

The powers of Humour, Wit, and Malice
join'd,
To form one bard, the scourge of human kind. 160
Sudden as plagues his mortal shafts are thrown,
And all alike their venom'd fury own:
Not ting'd a single villain to disgrace,
But wound without distinction all our race.
O had his rage not men, but crimes, pursu'd, 165
With milder eyes had he his nature view'd;
O'er Delicacy had not wit prevail'd,
And in gross pun or grosser jest exhal'd;
Then SWIFT in mirth and satire might have shown
Perfection to the world before unknown. 170

Spirit and ease would thou at once admire,
Laugh thro' the well-told tale with GAY and PRIOR;
PARNELL survey, with ev'ry laurel grac'd,
HAMMOND with tenderness, and WALSH with taste,
The soft distress of SHENSTONE's rural lay, 175
The tender plaintive dignity of GRAY,
Or he who deck'd his Lucy's urn with bays,
The soul-dissolving Orpheus of our days.

Nor must I here forget to recommend
BLACKLOCK — my fav'rite — intimate, and
friend, 180
We

Ver. 172. — *Gay and Prior, &c.*

One could not forbear to include these two authors in such a list; though at the same time it must be owned, had some few of their tales been left out, it would have done them no dishonour, and one could with more confidence have proposed their having a place in a lady's library.

Ver. 173. *The soul-dissolving, &c.*

Lord Lyttleton. See his elegy upon Lady Lyttleton.

We from our earliest youth to each were known,
 Alike our pleasures, our associates one:
 Ah! could I add, our kindred souls the same,
 Both fir'd alike with one congenial flame;
 Then should my numbers flow, like his, refin'd, 185
 Delight your ear, and captivate your mind.
 These ornaments of nature and their age,
 Shall all reward the moments they engage.

Thus far direction holds her friendly light,
 To animate thy taste and guide its flight: 190
 But by attentive reading now refin'd,
 To its own choice she safely leaves thy mind.

Yet let not verse alone thy heart engage,
 But oft revolve the just historic page. 195
 To Fancy this past ages shall restore,
 And Rome and Athens rise to view once more.
 Virtue and Truth in heighten'd colours dress,
 Embodiy'd here, the passions interest.
 When ALFRED's better constellation shines,
 When for the *sceptre* he the *crook* resigns; 200
 When WALLACE singly with vindictive hand,
 Appears the saviour of a plunder'd land;
 What heart can cease with patriot warmth to beat?
 Who for their glory would not share their fate?

Now still to higher views let reason soar, 205
 Philosophy's enchanting scenes explore.
 ASHLY humane, and NETTLETON, shall show
 What native joys from sacred Virtue flow.

The sage whose soul the love of nature warms,
 To trace her wonders, and display her charms, 210
 Consult

Consult attentive, and with curious eyes,
From scene to scene of height'ning beauty rise ;
'Till all the prospect op'ning to thy sight,
Shall yield immense ineffable delight ;
'Till reason being's end and source shall find, 215
And all the Godhead burst upon thy mind.

Though tyrant Custom, with decisive air,
From Learning's calm recess preclude the fair ;
Though Pedantry, with self-enamour'd sneer,
Pronounce domestic toils their only sphere ; 220
Their darling tenets let them still enjoy,
Your leisure-hours in reading still employ.
Yet as society may justly claim
A task adapted to each sex and frame,
Much it imports, in active life, to know, 225
What to ourselves, to others what we owe,
What offices from what relations rise,
And what our state, and what our frame implies.

Its proper place though speculation share.
Not less the active pow'rs demand thy care. 230
Heaven on the soul its image has impress,
And lighted sacred reason in the breast ;
Yet plac'd each being in a diff'rent sphere,
And from their natures bade their tasks appear :
Domestic duties hence alike demand 235
Th' attentive judgment, and the active hand.
Let these, in due degree, thy mind engage ;
Nor let the woman vanish in the sage.

O false to Nature, to her wisdom blind,
Who think her various tasks distract the mind ! 240
By

By these in one consistent plan we rise ;
 Sense makes us active, action makes us wise.
 Nor rests my song on theory alone ;
 These truths are likewise by experience known.
 To prove the maxim just, she still can show 245
 A Gallic DACIER, and a British ROWE.

Nor are these glories of the female kind
 To distant climes or periods past confin'd :
 Recent examples I might here display ;
 But this detail till meeting I'll delay. 250
 Till then farewell, and every blessing know,
 That Wisdom, Taste, and Virtue can bestow.

Dumfries, Oct. 30. }
 1757.

T

Ver. 242. *Sense makes us active, &c.*

Good sense naturally points out action as proper for beings in our situation : and by engaging in the active scenes of life, we improve in wisdom and experience.



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F A B. I.

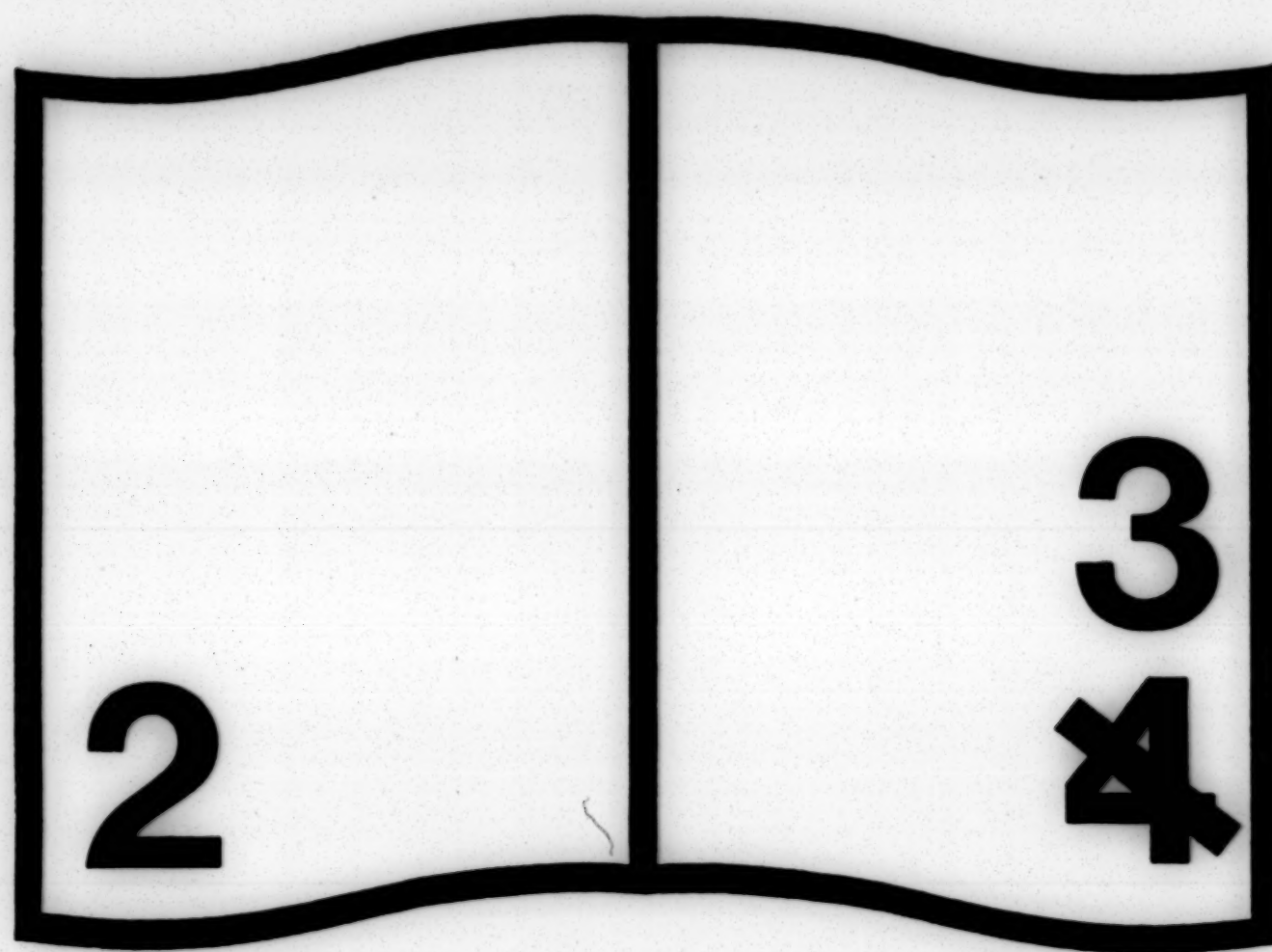
The EAGLE, *and the Assembly of* BIRDS.

To her Royal Highness the PRINCESS
of WALES.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, *Fair Excellence*, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And shew the paths that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.

S

I



**INCORRECT
NUMBERING**

I flatter none. The great and good
 Are by their actions understood ;
 Your monument if actions raise,
 Shall I deface by idle praise ?
 I echo not the voice of Fame,
 That dwells delighted on your name ;
 Her friendly tale, however true,
 Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
 The jilt, the prude, demand my strain ;
 To these, detesting praise, I write ;
 And vent, in charity, my spite.
 With friendly hand I hold the glass
 To all, promiscuous as they pass :
 Should folly there her likeness view,
 I fret not that the mirror's true ;
 If the fantastic form offend,
 I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in every clime and age,
 Spurs at the folly-soothing page,
 While Satire, that offends the ear
 Of Vice and Passion, pleases her.

Premising this, your anger spare ;
 And claim the fable, you, who dare.

THE birds in place, by factions press'd,
 To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd ;
 By specious lies the state was vex'd,
 Their counsels libellers perplex'd ;
 They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
 A gracious hearing of their wrongs.

Jove



Jove grants their suit. The Eagle sat
Decider of the grand debate.

The Pye, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard.
Says he, Prolixity of phrase
You know I hate : This libel says,
" Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
" Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice,
" And, skill'd to chatter out the hour,
" Rise by their emptiness to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you'll readily agree :
Yet well this sage assembly knows,
By parts to government I rose ;
My prudent counsels prop the state ;
Magpies were never known to prate.

The Kite rose up. His honest heart
In virtue's suff'rings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew ;
So far the libeller said true ;
" Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
" Who knew no int'rest but their own ;
" Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
" Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd."
This might be true ; but if apply'd
To him, in troth, the slanderer ly'd.
Since ign'rance then might be mislead ;
Such things, he thought, were best unsaid.

The Crow was vex'd. As yester-morn
He flew across the new-sown corn,

A screaming boy was set for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away ;
Scandal had found him out in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.

The Owl arose, with solemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the case.
That magpies prate, it may be true,
A kite may be voracious too,
Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease ;
He libels not, who strikes at these ;
The slander's here---“ But there are birds,
“ Whose wisdom lies in looks not words ;
“ Blund'ers, who level in the dark,
“ And always shoot beside the mark.”
He names not me ; but these are hints,
Which manifest at whom he squints ;
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To question if he meant an owl.

Ye wretches, hence ! the Eagle cries ;
'Tis conscience, conscience that applies :
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm ;
While Guilt, and his associate Fear,
Are startled at the passing air.

F A B.

F A B. II.

*The PANTHER, the HORSE, and other
BEASTS.*

THE man, who seeks to win the fair,
 (So custom says,) must truth forbear;
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
 And raise the goddess to the sky:
 For truth is hateful to her ear,
 A rudeness which she cannot bear.
 A rudeness? Yes; I speak my thoughts;
 For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Chloe, then am I,
 Who love you, and yet cannot lie!
 And still to make you less my friend,
 I strive your errors to amend!
 But shall the senseless fop impart
 The softest passion to your heart,
 While he, who tells you honest truth,
 And points to happiness your youth,
 Determines, by his care, his lot,
 And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease
 Your taste for flatt'ry I could please,
 And similes in each dull line,
 Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine.
 What if I say your lips disclose
 The freshness of the op'ning rose;

Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
Time every beauty will invade.
The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flow'r, resembles you;
Fair flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing,
Gayly coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth should last?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve, or levity;
Good natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties which a friend makes known;
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and ask to what intent
This blunt address to you is sent?
I'll spare the question, and confess
I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude, while you are vain.

BENEATH

BE NEATH a lion's peaceful reign,
 When beasts met friendly on the plain,
 A Panther of majestic port,
 (The vainest female of the court),
 With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
 Fill'd every bosom with desire.
 Where-e'er she mov'd, a servile crowd
 Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd :
 Assemblies every week she held,
 (Like modern belles), with coxcombs fill'd,
 Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace,
 And lies, and scandal, fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantastic thing,
 Encircled by the spacious ring.
 Low-bowing, with important look,
 As first in rank, the Monkey spoke.
 " Gad take me, madam, but I swear,
 " No angel ever look'd so fair :
 " Forgive my rudeness, but I vow,
 " You were not quite divine till now ;
 " Those limbs ! that shape ! and then
 " those eyes !

" O close them, or the gazer dies !"

Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush ;
 I vow, and swear, you make me blush ;
 I shall be angry at this rate ;
 'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
 The beauties of her mind rehears'd,

And

And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence !
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain ;
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That pug was rival'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt---for what he durst not name ;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd ; but yet she must confess,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd ;
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd ;
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.

The Horse, whose gen'rous heart disdain'd
Applause, by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage, silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke.

When flatt'ring monkeys fawn and prate,
They justly raise contempt, or hate ;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends ;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray.

Dismiss

Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
 And learn to live by wisdom's rules :
 Such beauties might the lion warm,
 Did not your folly break the charm ;
 For who would court that lovely shape,
 To be the rival of an ape ?

He said ; and snorting in disdain,
 Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

F A B. III.

The NIGHTINGALE and GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks
 disclose

The lily and the blushing rose,
 From public view her charms will screen,
 And rarely in the crowd be seen ;
 This simple truth shall keep her wise,
 " The fairest fruits attract the flies."

ONE night a glow-worm, proud and vain,
 Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
 Cry'd, sure there never was in nature
 So elegant, so fine a creature.
 All other insects that I see,
 The frugal ant, industrious bee,
 Or silk-worm, with contempt I view ;
 With all that low, mechanic crew,

Who

Who servilely their lives employ
 In business, enemy to joy :
 Mean, vulgar herd ! ye are my scorn.
 For grandeur only I was born ;
 Or sure am sprung from race divine,
 And plac'd on earth, to live and shine.
 Those lights, that sparkle so on high,
 Are but the glow-worms of the sky ;
 And kings on earth their gems admire,
 Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
 A Nightingale forebore his lay ;
 He saw the shining morsel near,
 And flew, directed by the glare ;
 A while he gaz'd with sober look,
 And thus the trembling prey bespoke.

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
 Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate :
 Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
 Unheeded on the velvet plain :
 Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
 And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

F A B. IV.

HYMEN, and DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'ye say ? Nay, then 'tis time ;
 Another year destroys your prime.
 But

But stay, the settlement! "That's made."
Why then's my simple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.

THE shades were fled, the morning
blush'd,

The winds were in their caverns hush'd,
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait.
Behind him, through the green wood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd;
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
Outwent his pace and join'd his side.
The chat on various subjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began.

Relentless Death, whose iron sway
Mortals reluctant must obey,
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All overstruck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.

Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
The miser hoarding up his gold,
The harlot reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle, and the kind,
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?

The

The monarch calmly thus replied :
 Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
 That friend of yours you lately nam'd,
 Cupid, alone is to be blam'd ;
 Then let the charge be justly laid ;
 That idle boy neglects his trade,
 And hardly once in twenty years
 A couple to your temple bears.
 The wretches whom your office blends,
 Silenus now, or Plutus, sends ;
 Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
 Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me ; more than all mankind,
 Your vot'ries my compassion find ;
 Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
 Who seek the wretched to release ;
 The captive from his bonds to free,
 Indissoluble but for me.

'Tis I entice him to the yoke :
 By me, your crowded altars smoke :
 For mortals boldly dare the noose,
 Secure that death will set them loose.

F A B. V.

The POET, and his PATRON.

WHY, Coelia, is your spreading waist
 So loose, so negligently lac'd ?

Why

Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace,
As Nature every morn bestows
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, madam, are you married? Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then, and beauty, strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?

T

A

A newer face may raise the flame
But every woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?
Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean:
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

IN garret high (as stories say)
A poet sung his tuneful lay;
So soft, so smooth, his verse, you'd swear
Apollo and the muses there;
Thro' all the town his praises rung,
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddesses Want her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble Youth of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,
Who but the poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the generous wines;
His

His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
 Astonish'd at the change so new,
 Away th' inspiring goddess flew.
 Now, dropt for politics and news,
 Neglected lay the drooping muse:
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,
 He stifled the poetic flame;
 Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
 Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.

With just contempt his patron saw,
 (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
 And thus, with anger in his look,
 The late-repenting fool bespoke.

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
 Whence has the sun of favour shone?
 Delighted with thy tuneful art,
 Esteem was growing in my heart;
 But idly thou reject'st the charm,
 That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools alone despise
 The arts that taught them first to rise.

F A B. VI.

The WOLF, the SHEEP, and the LAMB.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
 Should sanctify the daughter's choice:
T 2
In

In that, is due obedience shown;
To chuse, belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims by purchase vile and base
The loathing maid for his embrace:
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the
fold,

Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
His purpose known, the savage race,
In num'rous crowds, attend the place;
For why, a mighty wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought
And humbly his alliance sought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.
It happen'd as at early dawn
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimblest speed the wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the dam bespoke.

Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near:
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder bus'ness brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter---Sweet, forgive
A wolf's address---in her I live;
Love from her eyes like light'ning came,
And set my marrow all on flame:
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep.

Discourse like this, attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd:
Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her demands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip lands.
The wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells;

And of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her dam with pray'rs ;
But all in vain ; mamma best knew
What unexperienc'd girls should do :
So, to the neigh'bring meadow carry'd,
A formal ass the couple marry'd.
Torn from the tyrant mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim bride,
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold :
Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd ;
And at the glutton's table carv'd,
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast ;
But (as we find in human race,
A mask conceals the villains face)
Justice must authorise the treat ;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way ;
Fear wings his flight ; the marsh he sought ;
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.

His

His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
 Howling, he grinds his empty jaws ;
 Food must be had, and lamb is nigh ;
 His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.
 Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)
 The gentle virtue of a bride ?
 That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
 She sets her husband for the chace ?
 By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
 To scent his footsteps on the ground ?
 Thou trait'refs vile ! for this thy blood
 Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood ?
 So saying, on the lamb he flies ;
 Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

F A B. VII.

The GOOSE and the SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
 That carries an affected air ;
 The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
 The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
 Are fopperies which only tend
 To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior grace enchants
 The face, which nature's pencil paints !
 Where eyes unexercised in art,
 Glow with the meaning of the heart !

Where

Where freedom and good-humour sit,
And easy gaiety, and wit !
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master-lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight :
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love ;
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds he cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, less fair ?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom that emulates the rose,
Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art ?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the croud,
At ev'ry public shew re seen,
With look awry, and aukward mein,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art ;

Trust

Trust her, she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say, geese hobble in their pace;
Look here!---the stand'rous lie detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder! Lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were strip'd, I'd pawn my word,
A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature to hide her own defects.

Her bungled work with fin'ry decks;
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting cross the mead she
stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride,
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cried,
Again, what arrogance we see!—
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall every fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim!

Humility

Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs ;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd.

Conceited thing, elate with pride !
Thy affectation all deride ;
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou had'st escap'd the public mock,
And, as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest, hobbling goose.
Learn hence, to study wisdom's rules ;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools ;
And striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

F A B. VIII.

The LAWYER *and* JUSTICE.

LOVE ! thou divinest good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know !
Our

Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.

The bounteous God of nature made
The sexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker women he assign'd
That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
That can, by sympathy, impart
It's likeness to the roughest heart ;
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude ;
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace ;
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould ;
With useful arts his mind inform'd ;
His breast with nobler passions warm'd :
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense ;
And courage, for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong ;
To man she flies, when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's Author thus declar'd
The woman's sov'reign, and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness he was meant to aid?

While

While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to it's own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence.

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tyger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted trav'ler's guard :
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance, to betray;
His strength against the weak employs,
And where he should protect, destroys.

PAST twelve o'clock, the watchman
cry'd ;
His brief the studious Lawyer ply'd ;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies ;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound ;
When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to fight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook,
Loose every joint, and pale his look ;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,

He

He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white-rob'd shade reply'd,

(A crimson glow her visage dy'd),
Can'st thou be doubtful who I am?

Is Justice grown so strange a name?

Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?

'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.

My guardian thee did I elect,

My sacred temple to protect,

That thou, and all thy venal tribe,

Should spurn the goddess for the bribe?

Aloud the ruin'd client cries,

Justice has neither ears nor eyes;

In foul alliance with the bar,

'Gainst me the judge denounces war,

And rarely issues his decree,

But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd.

The trembling Lawyer thus return'd.

I own the charge is justly laid,

And weak th' excuse that can be made;

Yet search the spacious globe, and see

If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, skill'd in Romish lies,

By faith's false glass deludes our eyes;

O'er conscience rides without controul,

And robs the man, to save his soul.

The Doctor, with important face,

By sly design, mistakes the case;

Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.

The Soldier, rough with many a fear,
And red with slaughter, leads the war ;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast ?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee ?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th' exasperated shade rejoin'd,
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others faults excuse thy own ?
For sickly souls the priest was made ;
Physicians for the body's aid ;
The soldier guarded liberty ;
Man, woman ; and the lawyer, me.
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name ;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the law is fled.

She spoke ; and hid in shades her face,
'Till HARDWICK sooth'd her into grace.

F A B. IX.

The FARMER, the SPANIEL, and the CAT.

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
 What rude offence alarms you now?
 I said, that Delia's fair, 'tis true;
 But did I say she equall'd you?
 Can't I another's face commend,
 Or to her virtues be a friend,
 But instantly your forehead frowns,
 As if her merit lessen'd your's?
 From female envy never free,
 All must be blind because you see.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
 The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs.
 Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
 That vies in sweetness with the rose?
 Or where the lily's snowy white,
 That throws such beauties on the sight?
 Yet folly is it to declare,
 That these are neither sweet, nor fair.
 The crystal shines with fainter rays,
 Before the di'monds brighter blaze;
 And fops will say, the di'mond dies
 Before the lustre of your eyes:
 But I, who deal in truth, deny
 That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
 And sweets along the air convey,

Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you;
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

AS at his board a farmer sat,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd,
Till sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share,
Her modest worth the Master knew,
And strait the fat'ning morsel threw:
Enrag'd, the snarling cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy spoke.

They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat;

Me,

Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game ;
Or, plunged into the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep,
From prowling wolves, his fleecy sheep ;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breast with kindness glows ;
For this, his hand the food bestows ;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you :

I own (with meekness pass reply'd)
Superior merit on your side ;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompenc'd so well :
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse ?
Who drives the vermin from the house ?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secure the grain ?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow ?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me ?

Thy words are just, the Farmer cry'd,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

F A B. X.

The SPIDER and the BEE.

THE nymph, who walks the public
streets,

And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood,
With silken line my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
Along the forest as we stray'd,
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread:
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near?
For as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?

The maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid,

Which

Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire ;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe, has pow'r to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop : for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook, and bait, alike ;
While salmon play regardless by,
Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

BENEATH a peasant's homely thatch
A Spider long had held her watch ;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or flutt'ring struggled in the toils
To burst the chains and shun her wiles.

A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began : Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more ;
A thoughtless fly or two, at most,
Is all the conquest thou can'st boast ;
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.

The

The gaudy tulip, that displays
 Her spreading foliage to the gaze;
 That points her charms at all the fees,
 And yields to every wanton breeze,
 Attracts not me. Where blushing grows,
 Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
 Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
 Or on her fragrant bosom lie:
 Reluctant, she my ardour meets;
 And bashful, renders up her sweets.

To wisest heads attention lend,
 And learn this lesson from a friend.
 She, who with modesty retires,
 Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
 While such incautious jilts as you,
 By folly your own schemes undo.

F A B. XI.

The YOUNG LION and the APE.

'TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
 Though flatter'd by the public voice,
 And peevish grow, and sick, to hear
 His exclamations, O how fair!
 I listen not to wild delights,
 And transports of expected nights;
 What is to me your hoard of charms?
 The whiteness of your neck and arms?
 Needs

Needs there no acquisition more,
To keep contention from the door?
Yes; pass a fortnight, and you'll find,
All beauty cloy, but of the mind.

Sense and good-humour ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love.
Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,
You never think but to perplex;
Coquetting it with every ape,
That struts abroad in human shape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast;
To-morrow you resign the sway;
Prepar'd to honour and obey,
The tyrant-mistress change, for life,
To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend.

Reluctant, hear the first address;
Think often, ere you answer Yes:
But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes;
With caution ev'ry look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breast a wound.
Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
Nor use your pow'r unless to please;
For fools alone with rigour sway,
When soon or late they must obey.

T H E

THE king of brutes, in life's decline,
Resolv'd dominion to resign ;
The beasts were summon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came ; a day was fix'd, the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Step'd forth, and thus address'd the train :
Why cringe my friends with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw ?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And, ere we feel it, own his power ?
The counsels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wise ;
Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day ;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn ;
At others woes be taught to melt,
And lothe the ills himself has felt.

He spoke ; his bosom swell'd with pride.
The youthful Lion thus reply'd.

What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare the impending stroke ?
Thou wretched fool ! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart ?
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow ?

Learn'd

Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules ;
To them return ; in such a cause,
From only such expect applause ;
The partial sex I don't condemn,
For liking those who copy them.

Would'st thou the gen'rous lion bind,
By kindness bribe him to be kind.
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessens not the debt :
With multiplying hand he gives
The good from others he receives ;
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'rest scorn for scorn.

F A B. XII.

The COLT and the FARMER.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
Why so averse, so coy to man ?
Did nature, lavish of her care,
From her best pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws ?
And, miser-like, with-hold that store,
Which, by imparting, blesses more ?

Beauty's a gift, by heav'n assign'd
The portion of the female kind :

For

For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands ;
And though by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal?
The summer of your youth to rove,
A stranger to the joys of love ?
Then, when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms,
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty once possess'd ?
How will you curse that stubborn pride,
Which drove you back across the tide,
And, sailing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind ?

Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you I write my tale.

A COLT, for blood and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.

In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will ;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with
pray'r.

Of

Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where-e'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropt the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last ;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound,
Cold nipping winds and rattling hail
His lank unshelter'd sides assail.

As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise ;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer ;
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat ;
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight,
And, friendly, to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
In slothful ease, all night he lay ;
The servants rose at break of day ;

The market calls. Along the road,
 His back must bear the pond'rous load;
 In vain he struggles or complains,
 Incessant blows reward his pains.
 To-morrow varies but his toil;
 Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;
 While scanty meals at night repay
 The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
 His self-upbraidings found a vent.
 Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
 By arrogance and folly led,
 Had but my restive youth been brought
 To learn the lesson nature taught,
 Then had I, like my fires of yore,
 The prize from every courser bore;
 While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
 And females crown'd my latter days.
 Now lasting servitude's my lot,
 My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot,
 Doom'd am I, for my pride to bear
 A living death, from year to year.

F A B. XIII.

The OWL, and the NIGHTINGALE.

TO know the mistress' humour right,
 See if her maids are clean and tight;
 If

If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no curt'sy going out,
Depend upon't, mamma is one
Who reads, or drinks, too much alone.

If bottled beer her thirst asswage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts and workings of the spirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy, but death, remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet, to such a wife.
At home, superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants ;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground ;
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order but of soul ;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors, never read ;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate space.
Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
Is never still, and always wrong ;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands with truth and sense at bay.

If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,

Who makes her family her care,
And build's Contentment's temple there,
She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, Lord help us! what a creature!
 Melissa, if the moral strike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.

AN Owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,
 Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd every grocer's shop;
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
And strip, for science, every pye.
For modern poetry, and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to every art, and science,
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom, with that haste,
That cits do custards at a feast.

 Within the shelter of a wood,
One evening as he musing stood,
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A nightingale began his lay.

Sudden

Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And screeching interrupts the song.

Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplations soar.

What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance and noise?

Be wise. True harmony, thou'lt find,
Not in the throat, but in the mind;

By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.

Go, read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,

With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ;

And if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men;

So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance and pride,

Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.

Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man.

No senseless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;

With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their ev'nings with a song;

Make short the weary trav'ler's way,
And warble in the poet's lay.

Thus, following nature, and her laws,
 From men and birds I claim applause;
 While, nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
 An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.

F A B. XIV.

The SPARROW, and the DOVE.

IT was, as learn'd traditions say,
 Upon an April's blithsome day,
 When Pleasure, ever on the wing,
 Return'd, companion of the Spring,
 And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
 Instructing little hearts to beat;
 A sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
 Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
 Just left his lady of a night,
 Like him to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
 Flew off to seek the chirping train;
 The chirping train he quickly found,
 And with a saucy ease bow'd round.

For every she his bosom burns,
 And this and that he wooes by turns;
 And here a sigh, and there a bill;
 And here---Those eyes, so form'd to kill!
 And now with ready tongue, he strings
 Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;

With

With vows and dem-me's skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better;
But these he held as specious arts,
To shew his own superior parts,
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the masons sign,
The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir!--pray, Sir, explain your meaning:
Go prate to those that may endure ye---
To me 'tis rudeness!--I'll assure ye!--
Then off she glided, like a swallow,
As saying---you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd licentious on the joy.

Hist,

Hist, love!--the male companion cry'd,
Retire a while, I fear we're spy'd.
Nor was the caution vain; he saw
A Turtle rustling in the straw,
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young.

Ye tender objects of my care;
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us, with only Love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And, like a lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil,
Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare;
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should I survive to see the day
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all that heav'n could give,
The life, by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who, in the thought, already die!

Ye pow'rs, whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,

Why

Why mourning comes, my bliss convey'd,
And even the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess,
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
And, life! what art thou, without love?

Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart;
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue rising in his breast;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud;
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd.

Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come thro' pure good-nature---
(Upon my soul a charming creature)
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, moaping life?
No doubt, that odious thing call'd duty
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty Ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
That good old-fashion'd dame thy mother
Has taught thy infant-years no other:---
The greatest ill in the creation,
Is, sure, the want of education.

But think ye?---tell me without feigning,
Have all these charms no farther meaning?

Dame

Dame Nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your Ladyship much better.
For shame, reject this mean employment;
Enter the world, and taste enjoyment,
Where time by circling bliss we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure;
Come, prove the blessing, follow me.
Be wise, be happy, and be free,

Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be bless'd
Is a deep thirst in every breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not should heav'n give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.

Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation;
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage;
That fly decoy, with vary'd snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to husband, and to wife,
The cure of love and bane of life;

The

The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm and lasting;
The sin, by heaven's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd thro' a life's repentance.
It is the double snake that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcase still astray,
By dragging each a diff'rent way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!
Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where Fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range;
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;
Delights still vary'd, and divine,
Sweet goddesses of the hills, are thine.

What say you now, you pretty pink you?
I have I, for once, spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer---
Come, never study for an answer;
Away, cast every care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.

Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
A question more, or so—and then, Sir.
You've rally'd me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?

“ No,

“ No, no.” How then? “ Why, dare I tell,
“ What does the bus’ness full as well.”
Do you ne’er love? “ An hour at leisure.”
Have you no friendships? “ Yes, for pleasure.”
No care for little ones? “ We get ’em ;
“ The rest the mothers mind, and let ’em.”

Thou wretch, rejoin’d the kindling Dove,
Quite lost to life, as lost to love?
Whene’er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortune surely must:
In the dread season of dismay,
In that, your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
Who bear affliction’s weightier part?
Say, when the black-brow’d welkin bends,
And winter’s gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;
For times, at no persuasion, stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where’s that tongue, by folly fed,
That soul of pertness, whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon’d, and unblest’d;
No friends, by cordial bonds ally’d,
Shall seek thy cold, unsocial side;
No chirping prattlers, to delight,
Shall turn the long enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.

Freedom,

Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course,
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

'Thou fool! by union every creature
Subsists through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in space, primæval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The Source of endless good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
Then Motion first exulting came;
Each atom sought its separate class,
'Through many a fair enamour'd mass;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then Form and Order, o'er the sky,
First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The sun display'd his orb to fight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
And scal'd the breathing steep of air;

Y

Then

Then infant-stems, of various use,
Imbib'd her soft maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form and hue;
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloath'd their parent-ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence subliming and refin'd,
Aspir'd and reach'd its kindred mind.
Caught in the fond, celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire,
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But, cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

Here, ever blessing, ever blest'd,
Resides this beauty of the breast;
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad;
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring, by which the world is bound;
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

The

The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart, and spirit, live,
Enrich'd by every joy they give;
Like echo from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty-fold.
Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade;
But, as the stem and scion stand,
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wintry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.
A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaste desire,
Fan and support the mutual fire;
Whose flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.

Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends;
Like Nile it opens, and descends,
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The fire, first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow
In fondness down on sons below:
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremest verge they glide;
While kindred streams, on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch! no lisp'ing babe shall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
No sister greet thy ent'ring voice,
With partial eyes no parents see,
And bless their years restor'd in thee.

In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien ev'n among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face,
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side,
Thy name shall like thy carcase rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving Pow'r! great Source of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life thou lendest from above,
Though little, make it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;
To those, from whom my days I drew;
To these, in whom those days renew;
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd;
To friends, with steely fetters twin'd;
And to the cruel, not unkind!

But chief, the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my fire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name;

O spare him, spare him, gracious pow'r!
O give him to my latest hour!
Let me my length of life employ
To give my sole enjoyment joy.

His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And every needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.
When he with graceful action wooes,
And sweetly bills, and fondly cooes,
Ah! deck me to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own,
And, in my circling wings carefs'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.
Then in our chaste, connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blissful slumber close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose;
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake.
Let one unruffled, calm delight,
The loving, and belov'd unite;
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform;
Through life, one mutual aid sustain;
In death, one peaceful grave contain.

While, swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart.
Quick dropt the music of her tongue,
And forth, with eager joy, she sprung.
As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings their souls embracing meet;
Their hearts with answering measure beat;
Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Strait to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
Transported, to their fire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round.
In pleasure rapt, the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand:
The fire his life-sustaining prize
'To each expecting bill applies;
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport giv'n, tho' won with toil;
While, all collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord and infants smiles.

The sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,

Of

Of all his little sleights disarm'd,
 And from himself, by virtue, charm'd.
 When now he saw, what only seem'd,
 A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
 His soul to envy he resign'd,
 His hours of folly to the wind,
 In secret wish'd a turtle too,
 And, sighing to himself, withdrew.

F A B. XV.

The FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
 That honour is a woman's life;
 Unhappy sex! who only claim
 A being, in the breath of fame,
 Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
 That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
 Nor all the healing sweets, restore,
 That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
 May turn uncensur'd to his way;
 Polluted streams again are pure;
 And deepest wounds admit a cure:
 But, woman no redemption knows!
 The wounds of honour never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
 Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,

If

If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
'Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error?---None.
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mold;
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay;
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim:
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waining face,
All-beauteous, from her late disgrace;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,

And

And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from every latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone?---Is this
What we demand of woman?---Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoils possess'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to rest;
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?---No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And woman falls, to rise no more.

WITHIN

WITHIN this sublunary sphere,
A country lies---no matter where ;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground.
A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides ;
And here, of Vice the province lies ;
And there, the hills of Virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose ;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line ;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care ;
For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth ;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just opening to the view),
Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd ;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And

And nature yearly took delight
Like her to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd.

O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know,
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Thro' such a wide, perplexing maize!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend:
Lo, there the arduous paths in view,
Which Virtue and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread;
No walk, for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigour, flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lightned of its load,
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below:
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.
At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Thro' darkness, leading up to light:
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight:
For there the transitory train,
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass;
But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede;

To

'To such th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
For present earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;
And endless bliss, for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;
There sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes,
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gayly-colour'd bow,
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wise, and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulphy shore,
Sudden they sink, and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare;
'Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,

Z

If

If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
And every foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd:
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went;
While honour, handmaid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-struck, the much admiring crowd,
Before the virgin-vision bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight:
For not of earth's unequal frame,
'They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where-e'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;

While

While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on the ever blithesome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dies,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' etherial plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain;
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out and gives a loose to glee.

And now for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.
Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,
The realms of sweet perdition lay;
And pity touch'd her soul with wo,
To see a world so lost below;
When straight the breeze began to breath,
Airs gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense:
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes;
But, as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd.

The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung:

Hither, fairest, hither haste;
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told;
Taste what extasies they give;
Dying raptures taste, and live.

In thy lap, disdaining measure;
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires that sweetly languish,
Fierce delights that rise to anguish.
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

Lift not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April's sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
Ev'n against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl,
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment past the painting.
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulysses on the main,

That

That so our fair one might withstand
The covert ruin now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempter stood in view;
Curiosity, with prying eyes,
And hands of busy bold emprise:
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet;
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet.
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd;
Tasteless of every good possess'd,
And but in expectation bless'd.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mein all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing wings around.
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance, with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look'd but once behind.

Thus was the much admiring maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;

Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes, and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning Pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.

As when some stately vessel bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Braca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns with sail and oar,
To shun the much suspected shore,
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
Till, found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight:
So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious long descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames accusom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long-reluctant maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;

Yet,

Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd:
Till then, with weeping honour wait,
The servant of her better fate;
With honour, left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all-inquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all rapt amidst his store,
But wakens, naked and despoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone,
Within, without, obscure, and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And O thou curs'd insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?

These

These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me! she cried.

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A sidelong viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace:
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While those in crimes the deepest dy'd
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late deserted shore?
So trusting, back the mourner flew;
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left an host of friends:
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely Trembler fly,

Or

Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n nor daring to complain,
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant sat, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of wo,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n, and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.

Thro' this her all-inquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,

Beheld,

Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
'The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung.

Lovely Penitent, arise;
Come, and claim thy kindred skies:
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
In the smooth enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found:
Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
Sands, that trip the flitting streams;
Down, that anchors on the air;
Clouds, that paint their changes there:

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;
Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas! can life contain?
Life! like all its circles---vain.

Will

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand her store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way,
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men!
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals! tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience, and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,

Seed,

Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorers own.

What tho' hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.
When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest'd.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares, a period blest'd;
On my toils, eternal rest.
Come, with Virtue at thy side;
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native shore;
Sister, come, and turn no more.

F A B. XVI.

LOVE *and* VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume;
 The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their
 bloom;

Up with the sun, from short repose,
 Gay Health and lusty Labour rose;
 The milk-maid carol'd at her pail,
 And shepherds whistled o'er the dale;
 When Love, who led a rural life,
 Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
 Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage stray'd,
 And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A nymph, who lightly trip'd it by,
 To quick attention turn'd his eye:
 He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,
 Her self-sufficient grace and air,
 Her steps that mincing meant to please,
 Her study'd negligence and ease;
 And curious to inquire what meant
 This thing of prettiness and paint,
 Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
 The lady, slightly,---Sir, your servant.

Such beauty in so rude a place!
 Fair one, you do the country grace:

A a

At

At court, no doubt, the public care ;
But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring Dame,
This form confesses whence it came ;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea ;
Within my court all honour centers ;
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives its weight and measure ;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.

Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in, where nature fails,
And, ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still where heav'n is sparing.

But chief, in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolicks, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide.

Was

Was there no province to invade,
But that by Love and Meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign,
But be the sphere of beauty mine.

For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuse to live, and chuse to reign.

Far-sighted Faith I bring along;
And Truth, above an army strong;
And Chastity, of icy mold,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And Lowliness, to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;
And Modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And Innocence, array'd in light;
And Honour, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning Graces, more
'Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three;
And rosy Peace, the cherub blest'd,
That nightly sings us all to rest.

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted ev'ry shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye;

From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the essence of a man;
'Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And as a better soul inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold;
Calls Sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of Pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful Merit stand confess'd,
And, like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.

The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smoothes, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt,
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul.
And sinks serenely on the soul,
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by heav'n assign'd,
And, rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The nymph impatient stood;
And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd:
And

And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told;
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?—
Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,
Of buckram-dames, and tiptoe-fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer!
You'll suit your next opinion surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for softning, and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Thro' the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wandring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Tractless, and shifting as the wind;
A sea, whose fathom none can find;
A moon, still changing and revolving;
A riddle, past all human solving;
A bliss, a plague; a heaven, a hell;
A — something, that no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend;
But keep your counsel, and attend.

Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex, nor selves, consistent,
'Tis but the diff'rence of a name,
And ev'ry woman is the same.
For as the world, however vary'd,
And thro' unnumber'd changes carry'd
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject-matter made:
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution;
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence;
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies:
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand;
And give a taste of all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.

And now familiar and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad.
Prais'd for her shape, her air, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen,
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care:

The

The realms of beauty then I bound ;
I swell the hoop's enchanted round ;
Shrink in the waist's descending size ;
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise ;
High on the floating lappet sail ;
Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale.
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And shew the lovely idol there ;
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And, numb'ring every beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.

Then all for parking, and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading ;
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds, what
passion !

And churches, sometimes---if the fashion ;
For woman's sense of right, and wrong,
Is rul'd by the almighty throng ;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of ev'ry stream.
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects :
Such excellence is her ambition ;
Folly, her wisest acquisition ;
And ev'n from pity and disdain,
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form, and feature,
The wealth, and wants, of female nature,
And

And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire,
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.

Those shining virtues, which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre?
From native honour, and devotion?

O yes, a mighty likely notion!

Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er makes sinners;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe:
For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees, still mounts the higher;
And virtue, so extremely nice,
Demands long toil, and mighty price;
Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tott'ring state;
Sap these, and, in a moment's space,
Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles, and from toys,
I spring, the fount of female joys;
In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss:
For them each tropic I explore,
I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;
'To them uniting Indias sail,
Sabea breathes her farthest gale:

For

For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention
Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
They hold the sovereign balm of woe;
Beyond the Stoic's boasted art,
I soothe the heavings of the heart.
To pain give splendor, and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace, and the plain,
Admit the glories of my reign:
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
Alike I fill and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags,
With light coquets thro' folly range,
And with the prude disdain to change.
And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply——
But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,
Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the fairest step they travel.

When ev'ry pleasure's run a-ground,
And folly tir'd thro' many a round,
The Nymph conceiving discontent hence
May ripen to an hour's repentance;

And

And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church or cloyster:
Then on I lead her; with devotion,
Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
Inspire the heav'nly breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony and grace.
Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour;
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head,
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not with her parting breath;
Then do I set, in order bright,
A length of funeral pomp to sight,
The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
The plumes that whiten o'er her bier;
And last, presenting to her eye
Angelick fineries on high,
To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle god,
You've gone a tedious length of road:
And strange, in all the toilsome way,
No house of kind refreshment lay;
No nymph, whose virtues might have
tempted,
To hold her from her sex exempted.

For

For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd, I yield to your petition,
Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected,
And so my system stands protected.

O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
The godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd:
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs rever'd of old;
Hypsipyle, who sav'd her fire;
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire.
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catherine smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades, or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient things, call'd Fables!
And thus the Goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.

When

When happily arriv'd in view
 A Goddess whom our grandames knew,
 Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
 Majestic, awful, and sedate,
 As heav'n's autumnal eve serene,
 When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;
 Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
 And, in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.
 Quick, at a venture, both agree
 To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,
 In form and manner as related.
 The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
 Which held o'er females chief dominion.
 When thus the goddess, answering mild,
 First shook her gracious head and smil'd.

Alas, how willing to comply,
 Yet how unfit a judge am I!
 In times of golden date, 'tis true,
 I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
 But from their presence long precluded,
 Or held as one whose form intruded,
 Full fifty annual suns can tell,
 Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
 Or who to think of, neither knew;
 For both still bias'd in opinion,
 And arrogant of sold dominion,
 Were force'd to hold the case compounded,
 Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When

When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperience'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world, beyond a wake,
With cambrick coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.
Now, now! cry'd Love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd;
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our difference soon may be decided:
Behold yon wench, a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented;
And well our goddesses seem'd contented,
Nor pausing made a moment's stand,
But tript and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile the godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then, bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

B b

But

But here the dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket-mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to fight,
A world of charms till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone;
Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres ev'ry fond desire.



F I N I S.

